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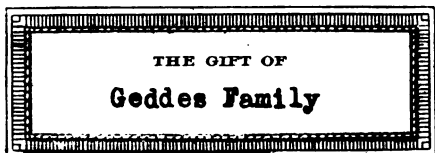
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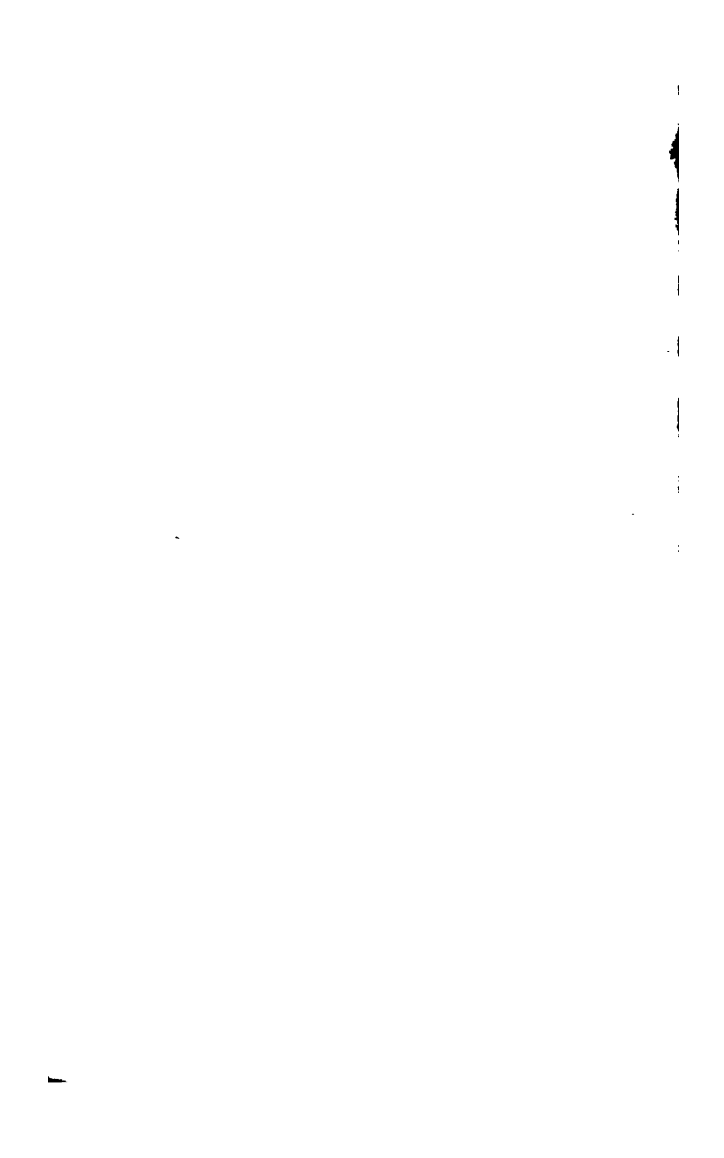
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THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

A
COMEDY,
BY G. COLMAN AND D. GARRICK, ESQRS.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

“ The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

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MDCCXIII.

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*Gift
Gelder Family
4-30-82*

THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

OF one of the best Comedies in our language, written by two of the happiest geniuses of the time, though curiosity would wish the knowledge of their several shares in the composition, we can give nothing satisfactory as an answer.

If internal evidence point out any thing of this sort, it seems to be that the design, if not even the execution of **OGLEBY**, came from **GARRICK**. The Comedy, without it, certainly had been good, but it could not have been striking.

The praise of the Authors having been awarded, it gives the Writer pleasure to devote one page to the just fame of the Actor. The character, as performed by Mr. **KING**, is the first comic effort of the Stage.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

*POETS and Painters, who from Nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law :
That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.
To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from his canvas to the stage is brought.
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind ?
But not the same their characters and scenes ;
Both labour for one end, by different means ;
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,
Their one great object, MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE !
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold !
And honour'd trade from interest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.
The Painter dead, yet still he charms the eye ;
While England lives, his fame can never die :
But he, who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age ;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
The art and artist share one common grave.*

*O let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave and Juliet's bier!
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boast of QUINS and CIBBERS of their own:
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by YOU.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LORD OGLEBY,	-	-	-	-	Mr. King.
SIR JOHN MELVIL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
STERLING,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
LOVEWELL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
CANTON,	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. Powell.
BRUSH,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bernard.
SERJEANT FLOWER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
TRAVERSE,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
TRUEMAN,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

MRS. HEIDELBERG,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Webb.
MISS STERLING,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
FANNY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
BETTY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Wells.
CHAMBERMAID,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Rock.
TRUSTY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Platt.



THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in STERLING's House. Miss FANNY and BETTY meeting.

Betty running in.

MA'AM! Miss Fanny! ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter! Betty!

Betty. Oh la! ma'am! as sure as I am alive, here is your husband—

Fanny. Hush! my dear Betty! if any body in the house should hear you, I am ruined.

Betty. Mercy on me! it has frightened me to such a degree that my heart is come up to my mouth.—But as I was saying, ma'am, here's that dear, sweet—

Fanny. Have a care! Betty.

Betty. Lord! I am bewitched, I think.—But as I was a saying, ma'am, here's Mr. Lovewell just come from London.

Fanny. Indeed!

Betty. Yes, indeed and indeed, ma'am, he is. I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fanny. I am glad to hear it.—But pray now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again, on any account. You know, we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth, than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it is never told till I tell it, it may remain untold till doom's-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, ma'am! and yet I vow and protest, there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fanny. Do but keep this secret a little while longer, and then, I hope, you may mention it to any body.—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Betty. The sooner the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty.

[*Blushing.*]

Betty. Ah! you may well blush. But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fanny. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Betty. Angry!—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure

I shall love it, as much as if it was my own.—I meant no harm, Heaven knows.

Fanny. Well, say no more of this—It makes me uneasy—All I have to ask of you, is to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter, till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Betty. Me reveal it!—If I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world—And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evening.—For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers at least, if not man and wife, as——

Fanny. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well—well—nobody hears me.—Man and wife.—I'll say no more—what I tell you is very true for all that——

Lovewell. [*Calling within.*] William!

Betty. Hark! I hear your husband——

Fanny. What!

Betty. I say, here comes Mr. Lovewell—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be whipped now, if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family. However, if you choose it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, so you must reap—as you brew, so you

must bake.—I'll e'en slip down the back-stairs and leave you together. [Exit.

Fanny. I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. My love!—How's this?—In tears?—Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience. For my sake, for your own, be comforted! Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fanny. Oh, Mr. Lovewell; the indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family; and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Lov. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy.—To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fanny. End how it will, I am resolved it shall end soon—very soon. I would not live another week in this agony of mind to be mistress of the universe.

Lou. Do not be too violent neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling. They will be here this evening—and I dare say, within this hour.

Fanny. I am sorry for it.

Lou. Why so?

Fanny. No matter—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Lou. As soon as possible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lou. In a few days, you may depend on it.

Fanny. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Lou. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you must.

Lou. Must! Why?

Fanny. Indeed you must.—I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Lou. Alarming, indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them—What are they?

Fanny. I cannot tell you.

Lou. Not tell me?

Fanny. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Lou. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!

—What can this mean! Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assured, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Low. You put me upon the rack.—I would do any thing to make you easy.—But you know your father's temper.—Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence, can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know too your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the splendor of high life; her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands; by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family: now if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. But if they are made acquainted with it otherwise than by ourselves, it will be ten times worse: and a discovery grows every day more probable. The whole family have long suspected our affection. We are also in the power of a foolish maid-servant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot answer for her discretion.—Discover it therefore, immediately, lest some accident

should bring it to light, and involve us in additional disgrace.

Lov. Well—well—I mean to discover it soon, but would not do it too precipitately. I have more than once sounded Mr. Sterling about it, and will attempt him more seriously the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are these.—My relationship to Lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the first links in the chain of this connection between the two families; in consequence of which, I am at present in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well affected to me, I propose to lay our case before the old lord; and if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appease your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am sure he may bring Mrs. Heidelberg into good humour at any time.—Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as, you see, we are upon the very eve of a discovery, that must probably be to our advantage.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Lov. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fanny. As easy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at present.—Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Lov. Depend on my care! But, pray, be cheerful.

Fanny. I will.



THE GIFT OF
Geddes Family

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Lov. Very true, sir.

Sterl. True, sir!—Why then, have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.—Where are these fellow?—John! Thomas! [*Calling.*]—Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.—Ah, Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe.—'Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a nabob.—Where are all my rascals? Here, William! [*Exit, calling.*]

Lov. So—as I suspected.—Quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure.—What's best to be done?—Let me see!—Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind also more freely to Sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of use to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him, will ensure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! It hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to another Apartment. Enter Miss STERLING, and Miss FANNY.

Miss Sterl. Oh, my dear sister, say no more!—This is downright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well, after all, it is extremely natural—It is impossible to be angry with you.

Fanny. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Sterl. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the least.

Miss Sterl. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why should I?

Miss Sterl. Why should you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot—There's that dear sweet creature Mr. Lovewell in the case.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Lovewell!—Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss Sterl. Pretty peevish soul!—Oh, my dear grave, romantic sister!—a perfect philosopher in petticoats!—Love and a cottage!—Eh, Fanny—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!—

Fanny. And why not the coach and six without the indifference?—But, pray, when is this happy mar-

riage of yours to be celebrated? I long to give you joy.

Miss Sterl. In a day or two—I cannot tell exactly—Oh, my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little. [*Aside.*] I know you have a pretty taste. Pray, give me your opinion of my jewels.—How do you like the stile of this esclavage? [*Shewing jewels.*]

Fanny. Extremely handsome, indeed, and well fancied.

Miss Sterl. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father set round with diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other.—And this pair of ear-rings I set transparent I here, the tops you see, will take off to wear in a morning, or in an undress—how d'ye like them? [*Shews jewels.*]

Fanny. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very queen of diamonds.

Miss Sterl. Ha, ha, ha! very well, my dear!—I shall be as fine as a little queen, indeed.—I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixt—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life!—The jeweller, says, I shall set out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except Lady Brilliant, and Polly What d'ye call it, Lord Squander's kept mistress.

Fanny. But what are your wedding clothes, sister?

Miss Sterl. Oh, white and silver to be sure, you

know.—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting Lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, sister! how could you be so abominably provoking.

Miss Sterl. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you ever observe the airs of Lady Lutestring, drest in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's Hall—Whilst the civil smirking Sir Joseph, with a snug wig trimmed round his broad face as close as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a byeword in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple Bar again.

Miss Sterl. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within!—my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at Court!—gilt chariot!—pyeballed horses!—laced liveries!—and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—'Who is that young lady! Who is she?'—'Lady Melvil, ma'am!'—Lady

Melville. My ears tingle at the sound.—And then at dinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—
'Any news upon 'Change?'—to cry, Well, Sir John! any thing new from Arthur's?—or—to say to some other woman of quality, Was your Ladyship at the Dutchess of Rubber's last night?—Did you call in at Lady Thunder's? In the immensity of crowd I swear I did not see you—scarce a soul at the opera last Saturday—shall I see you at Carlisle House next Thursday!—Oh, the dear Beau Monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world.

Fanny. And so, in the midst of all this happiness, you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss Sterl. [*Affectedly.*] You?—You're above pity.—You would not change conditions with me.—You're over head and ears in love, you know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say.—He will mind his business—you'll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season perhaps you'll sit together in a front box at a benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing-master's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer with some other citizens at Tunbridge. For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations.—You sha'n't want my countenance, I assure you.

Fanny. Oh, you're too kind, sister!

Enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. Heidel. [*At entering.*] Here this evening!—I vow and pertest we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear! [*to Miss Sterl.*] I am glad to see you're not quite in a dish-abillee. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss Sterl. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.—Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper? [*Enter Mrs. Trusty.*] Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of qualaty are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the famaly.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber—d'ye hear?—and Sir John in the blue damask room—his lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite——

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—well—Mr. Lovewell may make

shift—or get a bed at the George.—But hark ye, Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Heidel. Get the great dining room in order as soon as possible. Unpaper the curtains, take the covers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle piece immediately.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Be gone then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother Sterling?

Trusty. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Very well. [*Exit Trusty.*] Miss Fanny! I pertest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. With me! Nothing, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I pertest.—And then you have drest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the quality will be here by and by.—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit Fanny.*] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest.—This ridiculous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miss Sterl. Poor soul! she can't help it. [*Affectedly.*

Mrs. Heidel. Well, my dear! Now I shall have an opportunity of convincing you of the absurdity of

what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss Sterl. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, ma'am I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. Heidel. Oh fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister! What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact picture of the manners of quality.

Miss Sterl. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of formal bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Heidel. I say jealous indeed—Jealous of who, pray?

Miss Sterl. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, cannot distinguish between the genteel and the vulgar part of the family?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child! It is all politeness and

good-breeding. Nobody knows the quality better than I do.

Miss Sterl. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizened face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. [*At entering.*] No fish?—Why the pond was dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he would have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackerell.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Sterl. I warrant you.—But, pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dressed to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardiner cut some pine-apples—and get out some ice.—I'll answer for wine, I warrant you—I'll give them such a glass of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of quality. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff; and that will keep you

awake—And don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laugh. It is monstrous vulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, sister!—Who have we here?

Mrs. Heidel. It is Mons. Cantoan, the Swish gentleman, that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter CANTON.

Sterl. Ah, mounseer! your servant.—I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Can. Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling.—Ma'am, I am yours—Matemoiselle, I am yours. [*Bowing round.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoan!

Can. I kiss your hands, matam!

Sterl. Well, mounseer!—and what news of your good family!—when are we to see his lordship and Sir John?

Can. Mons. Sterling! Milor Ogleby and Sir Jean Melville will be here in one quarter-hour.

Sterl. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Heidel. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late, I was afeard of some accident.—Will you please to have any thing, Mr. Cantoan, after your journey?

Can. No, I tank you, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Shall I go and shew you the apartments, sir?

Can. You do me great honeur, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Come then!—come, my dear!

[*To Miss Sterling. Exeunt.*]

Sterl. Pox on't, it's almost dark—It will be too late to go round the garden this evening.—However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal at least, I am determined.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber to Lord OGLEBY's Bed-chamber. Table with Chocolate, and small Case for Medicines. Enter BRUSH, my Lord's Valet-de-chambre, and STERLING's Chambermaid.

Brush.

YOU shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Cham. Nay, pray, sir, don't be so positive; I cannot stay indeed.

Brush. You shall drink one cup to our better acquaintance.

Cham. I seldom drinks chocolate; and, if I did, one has no satisfaction with such apprehensions about one—if my lord should wake, or the Swish gentleman should see one, or Madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frighted to death—besides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my lord. *[In a fright.]*

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Cham. But should he come upon us without ringing——

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does—This key [*Takes a phial out of the case.*] locks him up till I please to let him out.

Cham. Law! Sir, that's potecary's stuff.

Brush. It is so—but without this he can no more get out of bed—than he can read without spectacles—[*Sips.*] What with qualms, age, rheumatisms, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding-up, to set him a-going for the day.

Cham. [*Sips.*] That's prodigious indeed—[*Sips.*] My lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, [*Sips.*] a mere corpse, till he is reviv'd and refresh'd from our little magazine here—When the restorative pills, and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Cham. [*Sips.*] Poor gentleman! but should the Swish gentleman come upon us. [*Frightened.*]

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry.—No foreigner must break in upon my privacy. [*Sips.*] But I can assure you Monsieur Cantton is otherwise employed—He is obliged to skim the cream of half a score newspapers for my lord's breakfast—ha, ha, ha! Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably—My lord's chocolate is remarkably good, he won't touch a drop, but what comes from Italy.

Cham. [*Sipping.*] 'Tis very fine indeed ! [*Sips.*] and charmingly perfum'd—it smells for all the world like our young ladies' dressing-boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam; and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking, [*Takes them out of a drawer in the table.*] and, in return, I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips. [*Kisses her.*]—A small return of favours, madam, will make, I hope, this country and retirement agreeable to us both. [*He bows, she curtsies.*] —Your young ladies are fine girls, faith : [*Sips.*] though, upon my soul, I am quite of my old lord's mind about them; and were I inclin'd to matrimony, I should take the youngest. [*Sips.*]

Cham. Miss Fanny's the most affablest, and the most best natur'd creter !—

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so——

Cham. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himself—but this I say quite confidential to you; for one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*Sips.*]

Brush. By no means; but you cannot hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy. Give us plenty of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars, ha, ha, ha !

Cham. Bless me, here's somebody !—[*Bell rings.*]—Oh, 'tis my lord !—Well, your servant, Mr. Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I sha'n't

go this half hour.—Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon ?

Cham. Not for the world, Mr. Brush—I'll be here to set all things to rights—But I must not drink tea indeed—and so your servant.

[Exit with tea-board. Bell rings again.]

Brush. It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week, without some little flirting with the Abigails:—this is much the handsomest wench in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for her.—*[Bell rings.]*—And now I'll go to my lord, for I have nothing else to do. *[Going.]*

Enter CANTON, with Newspapers in his Hand.

Can. Monsieur Brush !——Maistre Brush !——my lor stirra yet ?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him. *[Exit.]*

Can. Depechez vous donc. *[Puts on his spectacles.]*—I wish de deveil had all dese papiers—I forget as fast as I read—de Advertise put out of my head de Gazette, de Chronique, and so dey all go l'un après l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my lor, or he'll be enragé contre moi.—Voyons ! *[Reads the paper.]* Here is nothing but Anti-sejanus & advertise——

Enter Maid with Chocolate things.

Wat you want, child ?——

Maid. Only the chocolate things, sir. .

Can. O, ver well—dat is good girl—and very prit too. *[Exit maid.]*

Lord Og. *[Within.]* Canton! he, he!—*[Coughs.]*—Canton!—

Can. I come, my lor!—vat shall I do?—I have no news---he will make great tintamarre!—

Lord Og. *[Within.]* Canton! I say, Canton! Where are you?

Enter Lord OGLEBY, leaning on BRUSH.

Can. Here, my lor;---I ask pardon, my lor, I have not finish de papiers.——

Lord Og. Damn your pardon, and your papiers --- I want you here, Canton.

Can. Den I run, dat is all. *[Shuffles along. Lord Ogleby leans upon Canton too, and comes forward.]*

Lord Og. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture---you have the language and the impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Can. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help——

Lord Og. *[Cries out.]* O Diavolo!

Can. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor.

Lord Og. Indeed but I am, my lor.—That vulgar fellow, Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night to see a clay-colour'd ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the east wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screw'd to my body.

Can. A littel veritable eau d'arquibusade vil set all to right again.—

[*Lord Og. sits down, and Brush gives chocolate.*

Lord Og. Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my lord! [*Pouring out.*

Lord Og. Quelle nouvelle avez vous, Canton.

Can. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord Og. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Can. Yes, my lor, I have little advertize here vil give you more plaisir den all de lies about nothing at all. La viola! [*Puts on his spectacles.*

Lord Og. Come, read it, Canton, with good emphasis, and good discretion.

Can. I vil, my lor.—[*Can. reads.*] ‘Dere is no question, but that the Cosmetique Royale vil utterly take away all heats, pimps, frecks, oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, &c. &c.’
---A great deal more, my lor.---‘Be sure to ask for de Cosmetique Royale, signed by the Docteur own hand---Dere is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil tink.’---Eh bien, my lor!

Lord Og. Eh bien, Canton!—Will you purchase any?

Can. For you, my lor?

Lord Og. For me, you old puppy! for what?

Can. My lor!

Lord Og. Do I want cosmeticks?

Can. My lor!

Lord Og. Look in my face---come, be sincere.—
Does it want the assistance of art?

Can. [*With his spectacles.*] En verité non——'Tis very smoose and brillian—but tote dat you might take a little by way of prevention.

Lord Og. You thought like an old fool, monsieur, as you generally do.—The surfeit water, Brush! [*Brush pours out.*]—What do you think, Brush, of this family we are going to be connected with? —Eh!

Brush. Very well to marry in, my lord; but it would never do to live with.

Lord Og. You are right, Brush—There is no washing the blackmoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Blackfriars—always taste of the Borachio—and the poor woman his sister, is so busy, and so notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation!—I think the daughters are tolerable—Where's my cephalic snuff? [*Brush gives him a box.*]

Can. Dey tink so of you, my lor, for dey look at no ting else, ma foi.

Lord Og. Did they? Why, I think they did a little —Where's my glass? [*Brush puts one on the table.*] The youngest is delectable. [*Takes snuff.*]

Can. O oui, my lor, vey delect, inteed; she made doux yeux at you, my lor.

Lord Og. She was particular.—The eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceased

mother.—Some peppermint water, Brush.—How happy is it, Canton, for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract but their fortune.

Can. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

Lord Og. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bed side.—[*Brush goes for it.*] Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Can. Mush good may do your lordship.

Lord Og. [*To Brush, who brings the pamphlet.*] And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies. [*Exit Brush.*]—What can I possibly do among these women here, with this confounded rheumatism? It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address. [*Gets off his chair.*] He! courage, my lor! by Heavens, I'm another creature. [*Hums and dances a little.*] It will do, faith.—Bravo, my lor! these girls have absolutely inspir'd me—!f they are for a game of romps—Me viola pret! [*Sing and dances.*]—Oh!---that's an ugly twinge—but its gone.—I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day. [*Unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the glass, and takes out rouge; while he's painting himself, a knocking at the door.*] Who's there? I won't be disturb'd.

Can. [*Without.*] My lor! my lor! here is Monsieur Sterling to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre.

Lord Og. [*Softly.*] What a fellow!—[*Aloud.*] I am extremely honour'd by Mr. Sterling.---Why don't you see him in, monsieur!—I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal. [*Door opens.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter STERLING and LOVEWELL.

Ster. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get them, nor money to buy them.—His majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said in too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord Og. Your beds are like every thing else about you---incomparable!—They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. What say you then, my lord, to another walk in the garden. You must see my water by day-light, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flow'ring trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips.—Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord. I feel the dew in my great toe---but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about---I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord Og. I pray Heaven you may! [*Aside.*

Ster. What say you, my lord?

Lord Og. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast: Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world, he, he, he!

Can. Bravissimo, my lor! ha, ha, he!

Sterl. They shall meet your lordship in the garden ---we don't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go the grand tour, as I call it, ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. Not a foot, I hope, Mr. Sterling; consider your gout, my good friend---you'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness, he, he, he!

Can. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis admirable, en vérité!

[*Laughing very heartily.*]

Sterl. If my young man [*To Lov.*] here would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as mounseer does at yours, my lord, we should be all life and mirth.

Lord Og. What say you, Canton, will you take my kinsman into your tuition? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Can. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

Lord Og. Well said, Canton! But here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of love? Have you been sighing and serenading this morning?

Sir John. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

Lord Og. I'm sorry to see you so dull, sir—What poor things, Mr. Sterling, these very young fellows are! they make love with faces, as if they were burying the dead—though, indeed, a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Not if they have enough to live upon, my lord—Ha, ha, ha!

Can. Dat is all Monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir John. [*Apart.*] Pr'ythee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have something of consequence for you, and I must communicate it directly.

Lov. [*Apart.*] We'll go together.—If your lordship and Mr. Sterling please, we'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden.

[*Excunt Sir John and Lovewell.*]

Sterl. My girls are always ready, I make them rise soon and to bed early; their husbands shall have them with good constitutions, and good fortunes, if they have nothing else, my lord.

Lord Og. Fine things, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. Fine things, indeed, my lord!—Ah, my lord, had not you run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my lord.

Lord Og. Very pleasant, he, he, he.—

[*Half laughing.*]

Sterl. Here's mounseer now, I suppose, is pretty near your lordship's standing; but having little to eat, and little to spend in his own country, he'll

wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord Og. Very pleasant, I protest—What a vulgar dog!
[*Aside.*

Can. My lor so old as me!—He is chicken to me—and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, mounseer—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha, ha, ha!—But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden: we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter!

[*Exit.*

Lord Og. I shall attend you with pleasure—Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat with the thoughts of it—What a strange beast it is!

Can. C'est un barbare.

Lord Og. He is a vulgar dog, and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly—Come along, monsieur!

[*Excunt Lord Ogleby and Canton.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Garden. Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL, and LOVEWELL.

Love. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Lov. On what occasion ?

Sir John. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—but I found that you could not sleep neither—The bird was flown, and the nest long since cold.—Where was you, Lovewell ?

Lov. Pooh ! pr'ythee ! ridiculous !

Sir John. Come now, which was it ? Miss Sterling's maid ? a pretty little rogue ! or Miss Fanny's Abigail ? a sweet soul too—or—

Lov. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell ?

Lov. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was ?

Sir John. Walking, yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet refreshing showers to walk in ! No, no, Lovewell.—Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids——

Lov. But your business ! your business, Sir John !

Sir John. Let me a little into the secrets of the family.

Lov. Psha !

Sir John. Poor Lovewell, he can't bear it, I see. She charged you not to kiss and tell.—Eh, Lovewell ! However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine.—What do you think of Miss Sterling ?

Lov. What do I think of Miss Sterling ?

Sir John. Ay ; what d'ye think of her ?

Lov. An odd question!—but I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir John. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Lov. How?

Sir John. But her person—what d'ye think of that?

Lov. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir John. A little grisette thing.

Lov. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances. [*Seeing Lord Ogleby, &c.*] We are interrupted—When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter Lord OGLEBY, STERLING, Mrs. HEIDELBERG, Miss STERLING, and FANNY.

Lord Ogl. Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the bason with Neptune in the middle, are all in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-Park Corner.

Sterl. The chief pleasure of a country-house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expence; not I.—This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack-smooth—as you see.—Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brewhouse into a pinery.—

The high octagon summer-house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East-India captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my lord. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle, and so you shall say, my lord.

Lord Og. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling! for it looks like a cabin in the air. —If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Heidel. My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my lord! —But you'll excuse him. —I have a little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste. —In the evening I shall hope for the honour of your lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a sullabub warm from the cow.

Lord Og. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg — the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs. Heidel. O, my lord! [*Leering at Lord Og.*]

Lord Og. O, madam! [*Leering at Mrs. Heidel.*]

Sterl. How d'ye like these close walks, my lord?

Lord Og. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot.

Sterl. Ay, here's none of your straight lines here

—but all taste—zig-zag—crinkum-crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

Lord Og. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks.—You are a most excellent œconomist of your land, and make a little go a great way.—It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Grace-church-street.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Can. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! So clever what you say, mi lor!——

Lord Og. [*To Fanny.*] You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a nosegay, my lord!—— Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it? [*Presenting it.*]

Lord Og. I'll wear it next my heart, madam!—— I see the young creature dotes on me! [*Apart.*]

Miss Sterl. Lord, sister! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurse carry to town, on a Monday morning, for a beau-pot.——Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweet-briar?

Lord Og. The truest emblems of yourself, madam! all sweetness and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor soul! [*Apart.*]

Sterl. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with over-walking, brother!

Lord Og. Not at all, madam! We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty. *[Leering at the women.]*

Mrs. Heidel. Quite the man of qualaty, I pertest.

[Apart.]

Can. Take a my arm, my lor!

[Lord Ogleby leans on him.]

Sterl. I'll only shew his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord Og. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ruins, my lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. This way, if your lordship pleases.

Lord Og. *[Going, stops.]* What steeple's that we see yonder?—the parish church, I suppose.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord! it is a spire that I have built against a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste, my lord!

Lord Og. Very ingenious, indeed! For my part, I desire no finer prospect than this I see before me.

[*Leering at the women.*]—Simple, yet varied; bounded, yet extensive.—Get away, Canton! [*Pushing away Canton.*] I want no assistance—I'll walk with the ladies.

Sterl. This way, my lord!

Lord Og. Lead on, sir!—We young folks here, will follow you.—Madam!—Miss Sterling!—Miss Fanny! I attend you.

[*Exit after Sterling, gallanting the ladies.*]

Can. [*Following.*] He is cock o'de game, ma foy! [*Exit.*]

Sir John. At length, thank Heaven, I have an opportunity to unbosom.—I know you are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myself you would rejoice to serve me.

Lov. Be assured you may depend upon me.

Sir John. You must know, then, notwithstanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miss Sterling and me will come to nothing.

Lov. How!

Sir John. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Lov. No match?

Sir John. No.

Lov. You amaze me. What should prevent it?

Sir John. I.

Lov. You! wherefore?

Sir John. I don't like her.

Lov. Very plain, indeed! I never supposed that you was extremely devoted to her from inclination,

but thought you always considered it as a matter of convenience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the family without any impressions on my mind—with an unimpassioned indifference ready to receive one woman as soon as another. I looked upon love, serious, sober love, as a chimæra, and marriage as a thing of course, as you know most people do. But I who was lately so great an infidel in love, am now one of its sincerest votaries.—In short, my defection from Miss Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Lov. Another! So, so! here will be fine work. And pray, who is she?

Sir John. Who is she! who can she be? but Fanny, the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny.

Lov. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling. Her sister—Is not she an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. Her sister? Confusion!—You must not think of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it? I can think of nothing else. Nay tell me, Lovewell! was it possible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with two such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not find my heart led by insensible attraction towards her?—You seem confounded—Why don't you answer me?

Lov. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me infinite concern.

Sir John. Why so?—Is she not an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. I foresee that it must produce the worst consequences. Consider the confusion it must unavoidably create. Let me persuade you to drop these thoughts in time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell?

Lov. You have gone too far to recede. A negotiation, so nearly concluded, cannot be broken off with any grace. The lawyers, you know, are hourly expected; the preliminaries almost finally settled between Lord Ogleby and Mr. Sterling; and Miss Sterling herself ready to receive you as a husband.

Sir John. Why the banns have been published, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis true. But you know either of the parties may change their minds even after they enter the church.

Lov. You think too lightly of this matter. To carry your addresses so far—and then to desert her—and for her sister too!—It will be such an affront to the family, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think so: for as to my transferring my passion from her to her sister, so much the better! for then you know, I don't carry my affection out of the family.

Lov. Nay, but pr'ythee be serious, and think better of it.

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you see. Tell me honestly, Lovewell? Can you blame me? Is there any comparison between them?

Lov. As to that now—why that—is just—just as it may strike different people. There are many admirers of Miss Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheapside pertness, and Whitechapel pride.—No—no, if I do go so far into the city for a wedding dinner, it shall be upon turtle at least.

Lov. But I see no probability of success; for granting that Mr. Sterling would have consented to it at first, he cannot listen to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now; and yet, I think I know Mr. Sterling so well, that, strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Lov. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Lov. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Lov. You have not declared your passion to her already.

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Lov. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

Lov. Encouragement! did she give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of it any more:—upon which I prest her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Lov. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir John. Why, faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too, before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter for me.

Lov. I!—a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir John. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion.—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Lov. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir John. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heaven! along that walk yonder, d'ye see! I'll go to her immediately.

Lov. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing.

Sir John. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Lov. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits.—The shock will be too much for her. [*Detaining him.*]

Sir John. Nothing shall prevent me.—Ha! now she turns into another walk—Let me go! [*Breaks from him.*] I shall lose her. [*Going, turns back.*] Be sure now to keep out of the way! If you interrupt us, I shall never forgive you. [*Exit hastily.*]

Lov. 'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face!—I shall break out before my time.—This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not encourage him—I am sure she could not.—Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?—Leave him to solicit my wife! I can't submit to it.—They come nearer and nearer—If I stay, it will look suspicious—It may betray us, and incense him—They are here—I must go—I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world. [*Exit.*]

Enter FANNY and Sir JOHN.

Fanny. Leave me, Sir John, I beseech you leave me! nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle

solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour.

Sir John. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it : but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse ! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you ! consider that this day must determine my fate ; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to intreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fanny. For shame, for shame, Sir John ! Think of your previous engagements ! Think of your own situation, and think of mine ! What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration ? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing. — Let me begone !

Sir John. Nay, stay, madam, but one moment — Your sensibility is too great. — Engagements ! what engagements have been pretended on either side more than those of family convenience ? I went on in the trammels of matrimonial negotiation with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby ; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fanny. Have a care, Sir John ! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By these common pretences of the heart, half our sex are

made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix——But when it is once inviolably attached——inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.——When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fanny. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit; nay, if I did not even express the quickest resentment of your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you, in honour to my sister: and be assured, sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph that must result from the blackest treachery to her. [Going.]

Sir John. One word, and I have done. [Stopping her.] Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occasion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with you.——I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your justice.——Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you. Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.——Now, as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own? I love you, most passionately and sin-

cerely love you—and hope to propose terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling :—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fanny. Hear me, sir, hear my final determination.—Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them ;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other, I could not listen to your proposals.—What ! you on the very eve of a marriage with my sister ; I living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness, and not to conspire against her peace ; the peace of a whole family ; and that of my own too !—Away, away, Sir John !—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror.—Nay, you must detain me no longer—I will go.

Sir John. Do not leave me in absolute despair !—Give me a glimpse of hope ! [*Falling on his knees.*]

Fanny. I cannot.—Pray, Sir John !

[*Struggling to go.*]

Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another ? [*Kissing her hand.*] No, I cannot endure it.—My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Enter Miss STERLING.

Fanny. Ha ! my sister is here. Rise, for shame, Sir John.

Sir John. Miss Sterling!

[*Rising.*

Miss Sterl. I beg pardon, sir;—You'll excuse me, madam!—I have broke in upon you a little unopportunity, I believe—but I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir John. I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but——

Miss Sterl. O dear, Sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology—The thing explains itself.

Sir John. It will soon, madam.—In the mean time, I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions.—And—and—your humble servant, madam!

[*Exit in confusion.*

Miss Sterl. Respect!—Insolence!—Esteem!—Very fine, truly!—And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fanny. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss Sterl. Make me miserable! You are mightily deceived, madam; it gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, miss! the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful good-

nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fanny. Indeed you wrong me.

Miss Sterl. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I a witness of your dissembled modesty?—No, no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fanny. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss Sterl. We shall try that, madam.—I hope, miss, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt, for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you. [Exit.]

Fanny. How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me.—Mr. Lovewell must now become acquainted with Sir John's behaviour to me, and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness. My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgression, will be previously incensed against me. My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my disgrace.—Yet, on all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall. Enter a Servant leading in Serjeant FLOWER, and Counsellors TRAVERSE and TRUEMAN, all booted.

Servant.

THIS way, if you please, gentlemen! my master is at breakfast with the family at present, but I'll let him know, and he will wait on you immediately.

Flow. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Serv. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.

Flow. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Serjeant Flower, and two other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on him according to his appointment.

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Going.*

Flow. And hark'e, young man, [*Servant returns.*] desire my servant—Mr. Serjeant Flower's servant, to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall with my portmanteau.

Serv. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Flow. Well, gentlemen! the settling these marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almost just on the eve of the circuits.—Let me see—the Home, the Midland, and Western; ay, we can all cross the country well enough to our several destinations.—
Traverse, when do you begin at Hertford?

Trav. The day after to-morrow.

Flow. That is commission-day with us at Warwick too. But my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there the next morning. Besides, I have about half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again ; so I will take the evening before me, and then *current calamo*, as I say—eh, Traverse !

Trav. True, Mr. Serjeant ; and the easiest thing in the world too ; for those country attornies are such ignorant dogs, that in case of the devise of an estate to A, and his heirs for ever, they'll make a query whether he takes in fee or in tail.

Flow. Do you expect to have much to do on the Home Circuit these assizes ?

Trav. Not much *nisi prius* business, but a good deal on the crown side, I believe. The gaols are brim-full, and some of the felons in good circumstances, and likely to be tolerable clients. Let me see ! I am engaged for three highway robberies, two murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingston.

Flow. A pretty decent gaol-delivery !—Do you expect to bring off Darkin, for the robbery on Putney-Common ? Can you make out your alibi ?

Trav. Oh ! no ! the crown witnesses are sure to prove our identity. We shall certainly be hanged : but that don't signify.—But, Mr. Serjeant, have

you much to do?—Any remarkable cause on the Midland this circuit?

Flow. Nothing very remarkable—except two rapes, and Rider and Western at Nottingham, for crim. con.—but, on the whole, I believe a good deal of business.—Our associate tells me, there are above thirty *venires* for Warwick.

Trav. Pray, Mr. Serjeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas at Lincoln?

Flow. I am—for the plaintiff.

Trav. And what do you think on't?

Flow. A nonsuit.

Trav. I thought so.

Flow. Oh, no matter of doubt on't—*luce clarius*—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Trav. What's that?

Flow. Why, my Lord Chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

True. Ay, that may do indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendants counsel.

Flow. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair? [*To True.*

True. I am, sir—I have the honour to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire—go the Western circuit—and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordship's interests and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flow. Ha!—and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

True. About nine years and three quarters.

Flow. Ha!—I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.—I wish you success, young gentleman!

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. Oh, Mr. Serjeant Flower, I am glad to see you—Your servant, Mr. Serjeant! gentlemen, your servant!—Well, are all matters concluded? Has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret, of Gray's-Inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold, tight and strong?—Eh, Master Serjeant!

Flow. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, sir—But then, *serius aut citius*, as we say, sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do.—My clerk has brought the writing, and all other instruments along with him, and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth!

Sterl. But that damn'd mortgage of 60,000l.—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Trav. I can answer for that, sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's proportion.—You agree, on your part, to come down with 80,000l.

Sterl. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow if he pleases—he shall have it in India-bonds, or notes, or how he chooses.—Your lords and your dukes, and your people at the court end of the town stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but no fear of us substantial fellows—Eh, Mr. Serjeant!

Flow. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine, and suffered a recovery, has hitherto cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of 2000*l.* per annum is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster, and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid earl, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil, on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be forgotten.

Trav. Very true—and Sir John is to be put in immediate possession of as much of his lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three thousand per annum, and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Sterl. Ah, Sir John! Here we are—hard at it—paving the road to matrimony—First the lawyers, then comes the doctor—Let us but dispatch

the long-robe, we shall soon get pudding sleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir John. I am sorry to interrupt you, sir—but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me—Having something very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Sterl. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Serjeant, you'll excuse it—Business must be done, you know. The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flow. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Sterl. Nay, nay, I sha'n't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you.—My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses.—Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourselves on the green, with a game of bowls and a cool tankard?—My servants shall attend you—Do you choose any other refreshment?—Call for what you please; do as you please;—make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you.—Here, Thomas! Harry! William! wait on these gentlemen!—[*Follows the lawyers out, bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John.*] And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negociation between our families to so great a length ; after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Sterl. Uneasiness ! what uneasiness ?—Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife ; on the same conditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law ; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment ; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too ; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Sterl. What the deuce is all this ? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word then—it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Sterl. How, Sir John ! Do you mean to put an affront upon my family ? What ? refuse to—

Sir John. Be assured, sir, that I neither mean to

affront, nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me ; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family, by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Sterl. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter ?

Sir John. True.—But you have another daughter, sir——

Sterl. Well !

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her ; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly ! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John ? Do you come to market for my daughter, like servants at a statute-fair ? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to t'other, just as he pleases ? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them ; and——

Sir John. A moment's patience, sir ! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny should have

induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I'll tell you, sir.—You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but consent to my waving that marriage——

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage! Impossible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir John. Yes, sir; and accept of Miss Fanny, with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Fifty thousand——

[*Pausing.*

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Why—why—there may be something in that.——Let me see—Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsy with fourscore.——But how can this be, Sir John? For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe, between you and me, Sir John, is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated.——Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own.——Ten thousand pounds, therefore, I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Sterl. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family——

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling.——And after all, the whole

affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day ; and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Sterl. True, true ; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing !

Sterl. Odso ! I had quite forgot.—We are reckoning without our host here.—there is another difficulty——

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be ?

Sterl. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg.—The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent——

Sterl. I don't know that—Betsy is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by that time I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately ; you promise me your assistance ?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me! [*Going.*]

Sterl. Hark'e, Sir John! [*Sir John returns.*] Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, sir. [*Going.*]

Sterl. You'll remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir John. To be sure I do.

Sterl. But, Sir John!—one thing more. [*Sir John returns.*] My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone! [*Offering to go.*]

Sterl. [*Holding him.*] And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir John. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please. [*Exit hastily.*]

Sterl. I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation truly! Here does this whirligig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange. By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his *terra firma*; and if he wants more money, as he certainly

will,—let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family.—Well, thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Changes to another Apartment. Enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG, and Miss STERLING.

Miss Sterl. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny for you!

Mrs. Heidel. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her. With all her arts she never could insinuate herself into my good graces; and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss Sterl. O ay; she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. Heidel. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

Miss Sterl. And then she's so mighty good to servants—'pray, John, do this,—pray, Tom, do that—thank you, Jenny;' and then so humble to her relations—'to be sure, papa!—as my aunt pleases—my sister knows best.'—But with all her demureness

and humility, she has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. Heidel. She Lady Melvil! Compose yourself, niece! I'll ladyship her indeed:—a little creppin, cantin—She sha'n't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concatunation here.

Miss Sterl. There I was deceived, madam. I took all their whisperings and stealing into corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine. But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. Heidel. My spirit to a T.—My dear child! [*Kisses her.*—Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of Parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheesemongers, and greasy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help differing a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and sagucity makes me still suspect, that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John. I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast. Sir John, I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in-

the garden. You seemed to sit upon thorns too : But Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another guess—sort of a figur ; and were as perfect a picture of two distressed lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo. As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss Sterl. Matter of fact, madam ! Did not I come unexpectedly upon them ? Was not Sir John kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand ? Did not he look all love, and she all confusion ? Is not that matter of fact ? and did not Sir John, the moment that papa was called out of the room to the lawyer-men, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately ? And I warrant you that by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister—Oh, that some other person, an earl, or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster !

Mrs. Heidel. Be cool, child ! you shall be Lady Melvil, in spite of all their caballins, if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother indeed ; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss Sterl. As I live, madam, yonder comes Sir John. A base man ! I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant. [*Disordered.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Poor thing ! Well, retire to your own chamber, child ; I'll give it him, I warrant you ; and by and by I'll come and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss Sterl. Pray do, madam.—[*Looking back.*]—

A vile wretch !

[*Exit in a rage.*]

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Sir John. Your most obedient humble servant, madam. [*Bowing very respectfully.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Your servant, Sir John.

[*Dropping a half curtsey, and pouting.*]

Sir John. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what past this morning.

Mrs. Heidel. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion which I would always wish to entertain of a person of quality. [*Pouting.*]

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh all circumstances, I flatter myself——

Mrs. Heidel. You do flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John.—And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John. [*Warmly.*]

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, madam; but when I am influenced by a partiality for

another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought ; and that you will excuse the change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John ; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister, and the whole family must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed she has been guilty of none, madam. Her hand and her heart are, I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself, and Mr. Sterling.

Enter STERLING behind.

And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. Indeed !

Sir John. Quite certain, madam.

Sterl. [Behind.] So ! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. Heidel. To marry Fanny ?

[Sterling advances by degrees.]

Sir John. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother has given his consent, you say ?

Sir John. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, ma-

dam. [*Sees Sterling.*—Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. Heidel. What! have you consented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Sterl. Give her up! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you——Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John. [*Apart to Sir John.*

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, yes. I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin against her. Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. No, I warrant you. I thought so.—And so his lordship and myself, truly, are not to be consulted 'till the last.

Sterl. What! did not you consult my lord? Oh, fie for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Nay, but Mr. Sterling——

Mrs. Heidel. We, who are the persons of most consequence and experunce in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, 'till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosaty than to countenance such a perceding. And I could not have expected such behaviour from a person of your qualaty, Sir John.— And as for you, brother——

Sterl. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister.

Mrs. Heidel. I am perfectly ashamed of you.——

Have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to consent——

Sterl. Consent! I consent! As I hope for mercy, I never gave my consent.——Did I consent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not absolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's concurrence. But in case of her approbation——

Sterl. Ay, I grant you, if my sister approved——But that's quite another thing, you know——

[*To Mrs. Heidel.*

Mrs. Heidel. Your sister approve, indeed!——I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling!——What! approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger?——I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalous proposal.

Sterl. I tell you, I never did listen to it.—Did not I say, that I would be entirely governed by my sister, Sir John?——And unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny——

Mrs. Heidel. I agree to his marrying Fanny!——abominable!——The man is absolutely out of his senses.——Cann't that wise head of yours foresee the consequence of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortune?---No!——After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest?---No!——Does not this over-

turn the whole system of the family?—Yes, yes, yes!—You know I was always for my niece Betsey's marrying a person of the very first quality. That was my maxim:—and, therefore, much the largest settlement was, of course, to be made upon her. As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common council-man for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match should offer itself, why should it not be accepted, madam?

Mrs. Heidel. What, at the expence of her elder sister! O fie, Sir John! How could you bear to hear such an indignity, brother Sterling?

Sterl. I! Nay, I sha'n't hear of it, I promise you.—I can't hear of it, indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. Heidel. But you have heard of it, brother Sterling.—You know you have; and sent Sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I sha'n't forsake my niece, I assure you. Ah! if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Sterl. Did I, Sir John?—Nay, speak!—Bring me off, or we are ruined. [Apart to Sir John.

Sir John. Why, to be sure, to speak the truth—

Mrs. Heidel. To speak the truth, I'm ashamed of you both. But have a care what you are about brother! have a care, I say. The counsellors are in the house, I hear; and if every thing is not settled to

my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years.—I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr. Vanderspracken, my poor husband's first cousin, and my own fammaly shall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promise you. *[Exit.*

Sterl. I thought so. I knew she never would agree to it.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! What can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Nothing.

Sir John. What, must our agreement break off the moment it is made, then?

Sterl. It can't be helped, Sir John. The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us.—My brother Heidelberg was a warm man—a very warm man; and died worth a plumb at least; a plumb! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a plumb and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I——

Sterl. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents, and old South Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds. The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir John. I can only say, sir——

Sterl. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand was very fair and handsome, to be sure, Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, but I am even willing to——

Sterl. Ay, but if I was to accept it against her will, I might lose above a hundred thousand; so you see the balance is against you, Sir John.

Sir John. But is there no way, do you think, of prevailing on Mrs. Heidelberg to grant her consent?

Sterl. I am afraid not.——However, when her passion is a little abated—for she's very passionate—you may try what can be done: but you must not use my name any more, Sir John.

Sir John. Suppose I was to prevail on Lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Sterl. I think he would be more likely to persuade her to it than any other person in the family. She has a great respect for Lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir John. I'll apply to him this very day.—And if he should prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige you, when it is in my power; but as the account stands now, you see it is not upon the figures. And so your servant, Sir John. [Exit.

Sir John. What a situation am I in!—Breaking off with her whom I was bound by treaty to marry; rejected by the object of my affections; and embroiled with this turbulent woman, who governs the whole

family.—And yet opposition, instead of smothering, increases my inclination. I must have her. I'll apply immediately to Lord Ogleby; and if he can but bring over the aunt to our party, her influence will overcome the scruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny, and I shall be the happiest of mankind. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room. Enter Mr. STERLING, Mrs. HEIDELBERG, and Miss STERLING.

Sterling.

WHAT! will you send Fanny to town, sister?

Mrs. Heidel. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Ster. Indeed!

Mrs. Heidel. Positively.

Sterl. But consider, sister, at such a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. Heidel. Not half so odd as her behaviour, brother.—This time was intended for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist on her going off to-morrow morning.

Sterl. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsey.

Miss Sterl. No, indeed, papa. My aunt knows that it is not.—For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I would not do or say any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt for the world.

Mrs. Heidel. Hold your tongue, Betsey ; I will have my way.—When she is packed off, every thing will go on as it should do.—Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigour on our part ; and the sending her out of the way, shall be the purluminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Sterl. Well, but sister——

Mrs. Heidel. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will.—Come along, child. [*To Miss Sterling.*—The post-chay shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning ; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why, I will—and so there's an end of the matter. [*Bounces out with Miss Sterling ; then returns.*] One word more, brother Sterling.—I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby, of Sir John Melvil's behaviour.—Do this, brother ;—shew a proper regard for the honour of your family yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences. [*Exit.*

Sterl. The devil's in the women for tyranny!—Mothers, wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us.—As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it.—'I will do this,' and 'you shall do that,' and 'you shall do t'other,—or else the family sha'n't have a farden of'—[*Mimicking.*]—So abso-

lute with her money!—But, to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Garden. Enter Lord OGLEBY, and CANTON.

Lord Og. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent away!—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Can. Je ne sçais pas —I know nothing of it.

Lord Og. It can't be—it sha'n't be:—I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated, than that she should leave us.—Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change-alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever shewing that she is one, are horrid company indeed, and without her, would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! she's the thing: Isn't she, Canton?

Can. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous, and dat young lady, mi lor.

Lord Og. I'll not be left among these Goths and Vandals, your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if she goes, I'll positively go too.

Can. In de same post-chay, my lor? You have no objection to dat, I believe, nor mademoiselle neither too—ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. Pr'ythee hold thy foolish tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires!—My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl——

Can. As de fine girl to you, my lor, ha, ha, ha! you alway fly togedre like un pair de pigeons——

Lord Og. Like un pair de pigeons—[*Mocks him.*]—Vous etes un sot, Mons. Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never seest me badiner, but you suspect mischief, you old fool, you.

Can. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, my lor, he, he, he!

Lord Og. He, he, he!—Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one. Thou art like my rappee here, [*Takes out his box.*] a most ridiculous superfluity, but a pinch of thee now and then is a more delicious treat.

Can. You do me great honeur, mi lor.

Lord Og. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha!

Can. Your flatterie, my lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord Og. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but pr'ythee, Cant. is not that Miss Fanny yonder?

Can. [*Looking with a glass.*] En verité, 'tis she,

my lor——'tis one of de pigeons——de pigeons d'amour.

Lord Og. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey.

[*Smiling.*

Can. I am monkee, I am ole, but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den.

Lord Og. Taisez vous bête !

Can. Elle vous attend, my lor.——She vil make a love to you.

Lord Og. Will she ? Have at her then ! A fine girl can't oblige me more——Egad, I find myself a little enjoué——Come along, Cant. ! she is but in the next walk——but there is such a deal of this damned erinkum-crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them——Allons, Mons. Canton, allons, donc !

[*Exeunt, singing in French.*

Another Part of the Garden. LOVEWELL and FANNY.

Lov. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress ! it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fan. But how can it be effected before my departure ?

Lov. I'll tell you.——Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you ; and, notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess ; but withal extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himself to a lady.——Do

ACT IV. THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. 83

you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than from myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once. His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fanny. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Lov. I have heard him and Canton, since dinner, singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour-door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately.

Fanny. Dreadful as the task is, I'll do it.—Any thing is better than this continual anxiety.

Lov. By that time the discovery is made, I will appear to second you.—Ha! here comes my lord.—Now, my dear Fanny, summon up all your spirits, plead our cause powerfully, and be sure of success.——

[*Going.*

Fanny. Ah, don't leave me!

Lov. Nay, you must let me.

Fanny. Well, since it must be so, I'll obey you, if I have the power. Oh, Lovewell!

Lov. Consider, our situation is very critical. Tomorrow morning is fixed for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another.—He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak, and make us happy!

[*Exit.*

Fanny. Good Heaven! what a situation am I in! what shall I do? What shall I say to him? I am all confusion.

Enter Lord OGLEBY, and CANTON.

Lord Og. To see so much beauty so solitary, madam, is a satire upon mankind, and 'tis fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our sex. I say one, madam; for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Can. Noting at all, indeed.

Fanny. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord!

Lord Og. A favour, madam!—To be honoured with your commands, is an inexpressible favour done to me, madam.

Fanny. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What is the matter with me? [Aside.

Lord Og. The girl's confused—He!—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tete-à-tete with her—Allez vous en! [To Canton.

Can. I go—Ah, pauvre Mademoiselle! my lor, have pitié upon the poor pigeone!

Lord Og. I'll knock you down, Cant. if you're impertinent. [Smiling.

Can. Den I mus away.—[Shuffles along.]—You are mosh please, for all dat. [Aside, and exit.

Fanny. I shall sink with apprehension. [Aside.

Lord Og. What a sweet girl—she's a civilized being, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the family.

Fanny. My lord! I—— [*She curtsies, and blushes.*]

Lord Og. [*Addressing her.*] I look upon it, madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally—the humblest of your servants.

Fanny. I think myself greatly honoured by your lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me, that I am obliged in my present situation to apply to it for protection.

Lord Og. I am happy in your distress, madam, because it gives me an opportunity to shew my zeal.—Beauty to me is a religion in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.—I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! [*Aside.*]

Fanny. There is not, perhaps, at this moment, a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord Og. Does it, madam—Venus forbid!—My old fault; the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women. [*Aside, and smiling.*] Take courage, madam! dear Miss Fanny, explain.—You

have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you
—My heart, madam—I am attached to you by
all the laws of sympathy and delicacy.—By my
honour, I am.

Fanny. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind
—Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most misplaced
and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has
made me the unhappiest of women.

Lord Og. How, madam! Has Sir John made his
addresses to you?

Fanny. He has, my lord, in the strongest terms.
But I hope it is needless to say, that my duty to my
father, love to my sister, and regard to the whole fa-
mily, as well as the great respect I entertain for your
lordship, [*Curtseying.*] made me shudder at his ad-
dresses.

Lord Og. Charming girl!—Proceed, my dear Miss
Fanny, proceed!

Fanny. In a moment—give me leave, my lord!
—But if what I have to disclose should be received
with anger or displeasure—

Lord Og. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—
Speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause
before you utter it.

Fanny. Then, my lord, Sir John's addresses are
not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more
particularly disagreeable to me at this time—as—as—

[*Hesitating.*]

Lord Og. As what, madam?

Fanny. As—pardon my confusion—I am entirely
devoted to another.

Lord Og. If this is not plain, the devil's in it—
[*Aside.*] But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where—Tell me——

Enter CANTON hastily.

Can. My lor, my lor, my lor!

Lord Og. Damn your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Can. I demande pardonne, my lor! Sir John Melvil, my lor, sent me to beg you do him de honour to speak a little to your lordship.

Lord Og. I'm not at leisure—I am busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll——

Can. Fort bien, my lor. [*Canton goes out on tiptoe.*]

Lord Og. By the laws of gallantry, madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed. Let us return, madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fanny. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it; and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen.

Lord Og. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation. [*Aside.*] I presume, madam, (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that——

Fanny. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend——

Lord Og. Upon me, madam?

Fanny. Upon you, my lord. [*Sighs.*]

Lord Og. There's no standing this: I have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. [*Sighs.*]

Fanny. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed——

Lord Og. [*Taking her hand.*] Thou amiable creature, command my heart for it is vanquished. Speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fanny. I cannot, my lord; indeed, I cannot. Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses; and when you know them, pity and protect me. [*Exit in tears.*]

Lord Og. How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness. [*Wipes his eyes.*] My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired. [*Stifles a tear.*] How blind have I been to the desolation I have made! How could I possibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature should have gathered to this burst of passion! Can I be a man and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her. But here comes the father, quite apropos. I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down

to Ogleby House to-morrow morning. But what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now?

Enter Mr. STERLING, and Miss STERLING.

Sterl. My lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsey.

Lord Og. Your eyes, Miss Sterling; for I always read the eyes of a young lady, betray some little emotion. What are your commands, madam?

Miss Sterl. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

Lord Og. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostacy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss Sterl. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

Lord Og. Nay, now, my dear Miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a passion for Miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miss Sterling, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed.

[Conceitedly.]

Miss Sterl. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my lord; for I have great reason to think that her seeming at-

tachment to him, is by his consent, made use of as a blind to cover her designs upon Sir John.

Lord Og. Lovewell! No, poor lad! She does not think of him. [Smiling.]

Miss Sterl. Have a care, my lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of Sir John's artifice and my sister's dissimulation! You don't know her; indeed, my lord, you don't know her; a base, insinuating, perfidious!—It is too much—She has been beforehand with me, I perceive. Such unnatural behaviour to me! But since I see I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way or other I will have revenge. [Exit.]

Sterl. This is foolish work, my lord!

Lord Og. I have too much sensibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Sterl. It is touching, indeed, my lord; and very moving for a father.

Lord Og. To be sure, sir! You must be distressed beyond measure! Wherefore, to divert your too exquisite feeling, suppose we change the subject, and proceed to business.

Sterl. With all my heart, my lord!

Lord Og. You see, Mr. Sterling, we can make no union in our families by the proposed marriage.

Sterl. And I am very sorry to see it, my lord.

Lord Og. Have you set your heart upon being allied to our house, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. 'Tis my only wish at present, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord Og. Your wishes shall be fulfilled.

Sterl. Shall they, my lord! but how—how?

Lord Og. I'll marry in your family.

Sterl. What! my sister Heidelberg?

Lord Og. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister; but your daughter.

Sterl. My daughter!

Lord Og. Fanny! now the murder's out!

Sterl. What you my lord!

Lord Og. Yes; I, I, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. No, no, my lord; that's too much. [*Smiling.*]

Lord Og. Too much! I don't comprehend you.

Sterl. What, you, my lord, marry my Fanny! Bless me, what will the folks say?

Lord Og. Why, what will they say?

Sterl. That you're a bold man, my lord; that's all.

Lord Og. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit for aught I know. Do you court my alliance?

Sterl. To be sure, my lord.

Lord Og. Then I'll explain—My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter; nor I neither.—Your youngest daughter won't marry him; I will marry your youngest daughter.

Sterl. What! with a youngest daughter's fortune, my lord?

Lord Og. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the dæmon interest sinks before him. So, sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me.

Sterl. Who told you so, my lord?

Lord Og. Her own sweet self, sir.

Sterl. Indeed?

Lord Og. Yes, sir; our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble; your daughter will be a countess directly—I shall be the happiest of beings; and you'll be father to an earl instead of a baronet.

Sterl. But what will my sister say? and my daughter?

Lord Og. I'll manage that matter; nay, if they won't consent, I'll run away with your daughter in spite of you.

Sterl. Well said, my lord! your spirit's good; I wish you had my constitution; but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Lord Og. I'll answer for your sister, sir. Apropos! the lawyers are in the house. I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Sterl. Very well! and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want, and I shall leave you to manage matters with my sister. You must excuse me, my lord, but I can't help laughing at the match.—He, he, he! what will the folks say? *[Exit.]*

Lord Og. What a fellow am I going to make a father of? He has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Enter LOVEWELL, hastily.

Lov. I beg your lordship's pardon, my lord; are you alone; my lord?

Lord Og. No, my lord, I am not alone; I am in company, the best company.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Og. I never was in such exquisite enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Lov. Where are they, my lord? [*Looking about.*

Lord Og. In my mind, sir.

Lov. What company have you there, my lord?

[*Smiling.*

Lord Og. My own ideas, sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle in it such a delirium of ecstasy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Lov. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord Og. You shall rejoice at it, sir; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Lov. Shall I, my lord?—then I understand you; you have heard; Miss Fanny has informed you—

Lord Og. She has; I have heard, and she shall be happy; 'tis determin'd.

Lov. Then I have reached the summit of my wishes. And will your lordship pardon the folly?

Lord Og. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it? 'Twas unavoidable—Fate and necessity.

Lov. It was indeed, my lord. Your kindness distracts me.

Lord Og. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Lov. She trembled to disclose the secret, and declare her affections?

Lord Og. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Lov. [*Bowing.*] You are too good, my lord.—And do you really excuse the rashness of the action?

Lord Og. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Lov. Your generosity overpowers me. [*Bowing.*] I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

Lord Og. More fool you then.

Who pleads her cause with never-failing beauty,

Here finds a full redress. [*Strikes his breast.*

She's a fine girl, Lovewell.

Lov. Her beauty, my lord, is her least merit. She has an understanding——

Lord Og. Her choice convinces me of that.

Lov. [*Bowing.*] That's your lordship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

Lord Og. No, no; not altogether; it began with interest, and ended in passion.

Lov. Indeed, my lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well

as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person——

Lord Og. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind, touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Og. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Lov. Marry her!——What do you mean, my lord?

Lord Og. Miss Fanny Sterling that is; the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Lov. I am astonished!

Lord Og. Why, could you expect less from me?

Lov. I did not expect this, my lord.

Lord Og. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Lov. No, indeed, my lord. [*Sighs.*]

Lord Og. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Lov. No, indeed, my lord. [*Sighs.*] What an accident!

Lord Og. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Lov. O, I do, my lord. [*Sighs.*]

Lord Og. She said that you would explain what she

had not power to utter; but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Lov. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord Og. No, sir, I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Lov. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

Lord Og. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Lov. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

Lord Og. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Lov. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my lord?

Lord Og. What's that to you?—You may have her if you will. I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city-philosophy, to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John Melvil, baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations? Eh, Lovewell?

Lov. But, my lord, that is not the question.

Lord Og. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer.—I am in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my lord. I have this day had a severe engagement, and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

Lord Og. To the business then, and be as concise as possible, for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

[*He smiles, and Lovewell bows.*]

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord Og. Very true, nephew; I am your witness, and will second the motion—sha'n't I, Lovewell?

[*Smiles, and Lovewell bows.*]

Sir John. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you, that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

Lord Og. I am not at all surprised at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine—Any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my lord; that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

Lord Og. O yes; by all means—have you any hopes there, nephew?—Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

[*Smiles, and winks at Lovewell.*]

Lov. I think not, my lord.

[*Gravely.*]

Lord Og. I think so too; but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord Og. Mrs. Heidelberg?—Had not you better

discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Lov. And for me too, my sweet Fanny. Your apprehensions make a coward of me.—But what can alarm you? your aunt and sister are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the rest of the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every thing, and every moment—My mind is in continual agitation and dread; indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this situation may have very unhappy consequences. [*Weeps.*]

Lov. But it sha'n't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risque of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such case, the meanest consideration—of our fortune!—Were we to be abandoned by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds will weigh against the most affluent circumstances. I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice you have made to love and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fanny. Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, my dear

Lovewell, don't be so warm! your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered.—I am satisfied—indeed I am——Excuse this weakness, this delicacy, this what you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Lov. That one word has charmed me, as it always does, to the most implicit obedience: it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you a moment.

[*Kisses her.*]

Re-enter BETTY.

Betty. [*In a low voice.*] I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fanny. Hal! what's the matter?

Lov. Have you heard any body?

Betty. Yes, yes, I have; and they have heard you too, or I'm mistaken—if they had seen you too, we should have been in a fine quandary!

Fanny. Pr'ythee, don't prate now, Betty!

Lov. What did you hear?

Betty. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me a little nap——

Lov. A nap!

Betty. Yes, sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrapped this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ach from the key-hole, I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I first took for a gnat, and shook my head two or three times, and went so with my hand.

Fanny. Well—well—and so——

Betty. And so, madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—— and pulling off my handkerchief softly, I could hear this sort of noise——

[Makes an indistinct sort of noise like speaking.]

Fanny. Well, and what did they say?

Betty. O! I could not understand a word of what was said.

Lov. The outward door is lock'd?

Betty. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fanny. Why did you? they must have heard you, if they were near.

Betty. And I did it on purpose, madam, and cough'd a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice—when I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fanny. What shall we do?

Lov. Fear nothing; we know the worst; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon—but Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the conspiracy, and can make a man a mouse at any time.

Betty. I can distinguish a man from a mouse as well as my betters—I'm sorry you think so ill of me, sir.

Fanny. He compliments you, don't be a fool!—— Now you have set her tongue a running, she'll mutter for an hour. *[To Lovewell.]* I'll go and hearken myself.

[Exit.]

Betty. I'll turn my back upon no girl for sincerity and service. [*Half aside and muttering.*

Lov. Thou art the first in the world for both; and I will reward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.

Betty. I am not mercenary neither—I can live on a little, with a good carreter.

Re-enter FANNY.

Fanny. All seems quiet—suppose, my dear, you go to your own room—I shall be much easier then—and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Betty. You may discover, if you please; but for my part, I shall still be secret.

[*Half aside and muttering.*

Lov. Should I leave you now, if they still are upon the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay. Besides, we should consult upon to-morrow's business. Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her; we can fasten this; and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Betty. Shall I, madam?

Fanny. Do! let me have my way to-night, and you shall command me ever after. I would not have you surprised here for the world. Pray leave me! I shall be quite myself again, if you will oblige me.

Lov. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment. [*Going.*

Fanny. Let us listen first at the door, that you may

not be intercepted. Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her——

Betty. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. [*Going hastily.*]

Fanny. Softly—softly—Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noise. Softly, I beg of you! See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion!

Lov. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all.

[*Exeunt all softly.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to a Gallery, which leads to several Bed-chambers. Enter Miss STERLING, leading Mrs. HEIDELBERG in a Night-cap.

Miss Sterl. This way, dear madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. Heidel. Nay, but niece—consider a little——don't drag me out this figure; let me put on my fly-cap!—if any of my lord's family, or the counsellors at law, should be stirring, I should be perdidus disconcerted.

Miss Sterl. But, my dear madam, a moment is an age, in my situation. I am sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber——O! she's all craft and wickedness.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, but softly, Betsey!—you are all in emotion—your mind is too much frustrated—you can neither eat, nor drink, nor take your natural rest——

compose yourself, child ; for if we are not as wary—some as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole family.

Miss Sterl. We are disgraced already, madam. Sir John Melvil has forsaken me ; my lord cares for nobody but himself ; or if any body, it is my sister ; my father, for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change broker ; so that if you, madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best hopes, and consolation—in your tenderness—and affections—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy—the fruits of her treachery—trample with scorn upon the rights of her elder sister, the will of the best of aunts, and the weakness of a too interested father.

[She pretends to be bursting into tears all this speech.]

Mrs. Heidel. Don't, Betsey—keep up your spirit—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every particular—but be composed, and tell me what new mischief you have discovered ?

Miss Sterl. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she had broke my heart :—I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room, but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward ; she immediately came back and told me that they were in high consultation ; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sister's maid conduct Sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then lock the door.

Mrs. Heidel. And how did you conduct yourself in this dalimma?

Miss Sterl. I returned with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they have settled the matter, and will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. Heidel. Why, the brazen slut! she has got her sister's husband (that is to be) lock'd up in her chamber! at night too!—I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss Sterl. Hush, madam! I hear something.

Mrs. Heidel. You frighten me—let me put on my fly-cap—I would not be seen in this figur for the world.

Miss Sterl. 'Tis dark, madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs. Heidel. I protest there's a candle coming, and a man too!

Miss Sterl. Nothing but servants; let us retire a moment!
[*They retire.*]

Enter BRUSH, half drunk, laying hold of the Chambermaid, who has a Candle in her Hand.

Cham. Be quiet, Mr. Brush; I shall drop down with terror!

Brush. But my sweet, and most amiable chambermaid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason! that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Cham. But you may do me harm, Mr. Brush, and

a great deal of harm too; pray let me go; I am ruined if they hear you; I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they sha'n't hear us; and if you have a mind to be ruined, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little slut, you! therefore I say it again, if you have no love, hear a little reason!

Cham. I wonder at your impudence, Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you. You are a town-rake, I see, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by Heavens, but your frowns, most amiable chamber-maid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink Port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it over-sets a claret-drinker.

Cham. Don't be rude! bless me!—I shall be ruined—what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Cham. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out, if you don't let me go. That is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's.

Brush. And that my Lord Ogleby's, and that my Lady What-d'ye-call-'em: I don't mind such folks when I'm sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that too.

Cham. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. O, but I have, my sweet spider-brusher!—for instance; I reverence Miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel, and fit for a prince.—With all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister——

Miss Sterl. There, there, madam, all in a story!

Cham. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—I heard something!

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two damn'd things at once.

Cham. Law! law! how you blaspheme!—we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but as I was saying, the eldest sister——Miss Jezebel——

Cham. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smoaked her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us—no, no, she won't do—we are a little too nice.

Cham. You're a monstrous rake, Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to mischief; and if you don't have pity upon me, I will break open that door, and ravish Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [*Coming forward.*] There's no bearing this—you profligate monster!

Cham. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous. [Runs off.]

Miss Sterl. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow!

Mrs. Heidel. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster!

Miss Sterl. What have you to say for yourself?

Cham. I can say nothing.—I'm so frightened, and so ashamed—but indeed I am virtuous—I am virtuous, indeed.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, well—don't tremble so; but, tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss Sterl. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Cham. Why, madam—don't let me betray my fellow servants—I sha'n't sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. Heidel. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Cham. O dear! what shall I do!

Mrs. Heidel. Tell us this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Cham. Why, our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush forced us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss Sterl. Holiday! for what?

Cham. Nay, I only made one.

Miss Sterl. Well, well; but upon what account?

Cham. Because, as how, madam, there was a change in the family, they said—that his honour, Sir John, was to marry Miss Fanny instead of your ladyship.

Miss Sterl. And so you make a holiday for that—
Very fine!

Cham. I did not make it, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. But do you know nothing of Sir John's
being to run away with Miss Fanny to-night?

Cham. No, indeed, ma'am!

Miss Sterl. Nor of his being now locked up in my
sister's chamber?

Cham. No, as I hope for mercy, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, I'll put an end to all this di-
rectly——do you run to my brother Sterling——

Cham. Now, ma'am!—'Tis so very late, ma'am—

Mrs. Heidel. I don't care how late it is. Tell him
there are thieves in the house—that the house is on
fire—tell him to come here immediately—go, I say.

Cham. I will, I will, though I'm frighten'd out of
my wits. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Heidel. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll
put myself in order, to face them. We'll plot 'em,
and counter-plot 'em too. *[Exit into her chamber.*

Miss Sterl. I have as much pleasure in this revenge,
as in being made a countess.—Ha! they are un-
locking the door.—Now for it! *[Retires.*

*FANNY'S Door is unlock'd, and BETTY comes out with a
Candle. Miss STERLING approaches her.*

Betty. *[Calling within.]* Sir! sir!—now's your time
—all's clear. *[Seeing Miss Sterl.]* Stay, stay—not yet
—we are watch'd.

Miss Sterl. And so you are, Madam Betty. [*Miss Sterl. lays hold of her, while Betty locks the door, and puts the key into her pocket.*]

Betty. [*Turning round.*] What's the matter, madam?

Miss Sterl. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, madam.

Betty. I am no tell-tale, madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss Sterl. You have a great deal of courage, Betty; and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Betty. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, ma'am.

Enter Mr. STERLING.

Sterl. What's all this? What's the matter? Why am I disturb'd in this manner?

Miss Sterl. This creature, and my distresses, sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG, with another Head-dress.

Mrs. Heidel. Now I'm prepar'd for the rancounter. — Well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Sterl. Not I—but what is it? speak.—I was got into my little closet, all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of Lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarmed with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I'm quite in the dark.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no, there's no rape, brother!—all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss Sterl. Who's in that chamber?

[*Detaining Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.*

Betty. My mistress.

Miss Sterl. And who's with your mistress?

Betty. Why, who should there be?

Miss Sterl. Open the door then, and let us see.

Betty. The door is open, madam, [*Miss Sterl. goes to the door.*] I'll sooner die than peach. [*Exit hastily.*

Miss Sterl. The door is lock'd; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Sterl. But, zounds! what is all this about? You tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. Heidel. Sir John Melvil is locked up in your daughter's bed-chamber.—There is the particular.

Sterl. The devil he is!—That's bad.

Miss Sterl. And he has been there some time too.

Sterl. Ditto!

Mrs. Heidel. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fammaly.

Sterl. By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister!—the best way is to insure privately—let me alone! I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss Sterl. Make him marry her! this is beyond all patience!—You have thrown away all your affection; and I shall do as much by my obedience; unnatural

fathers make unnatural children. My revenge is in my own power, and I'll indulge it.—Had they made their escape, I should have been exposed to the derision of the world: but the deriders shall be derided; and so—help! help, there! thieves! thieves!

Mrs. Heidel. Tit-for-tat, Betsey! you are right, my girl.

Sterl. Zounds! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole family—the devil's in the girl.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no; the devil's in you, brother; I am ashamed of your principles.—What! would you connive at your daughter's being locked up with her sister's husband? Help! thieves! thieves, I say.

[*Cries out.*]

Sterl. Sister, I beg you!—daughter, I command you!—If you have no regard for me, consider yourselves!—we shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood, and getting above twenty *per cent.* for our money.

Miss Sterl. What, by my disgrace and my sister's triumph! I have a spirit above such mean considerations; and to shew you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar 'Change-alley spirit—help! help! thieves! thieves! thieves! I say!

Sterl. Ay, ay, you may save your lungs—the house is in an uproar; women at best have no discretion; but in a passion they'll fire a house, or burn themselves in it, rather than not be revenged.

Enter CANTON, in a Night-gown and Slippers,

Can. Eh, diable ! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis tantamarre ?

Sterl. Ask those ladies, sir ; 'tis of their making.

Lord Og. [*Calls within.*] Brush ! Brush !—Canton ! where are you ?—What's the matter ? [*Rings a bell.*] Where are you ?

Sterl. 'Tis my lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Can. I com, mi lor !—— [*Exit Canton.*

[*Lord Ogleby still rings.*

Serj. Flow. [*Calls within.*] A light ! a light here !—where are the servants ? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Sterl. Lights here ! lights for the gentlemen !

[*Exit Sterling.*

Mrs. Heidel. My brother feels, I see—your sister's turn will come next.

Miss Sterl. Ay, ay, let it go round, madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING, with lights, before Serjeant FLOWER, with one boot and a slipper, and TRAVERSE.

Sterl. This way, sir ! this way, gentlemen !

Flow. Well ; but Mr. Sterling, no danger I hope. Have they made a burglarious entry ? Are you prepared to repulse them ? I am very much alarmed about thieves at circuit-time. They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the bar.

Trav. No danger, Mr. Sterling,—no trespass, I hope?

Sterl. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies making.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll be ashamed to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this young lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment locked up with this lady's younger sister.

Flow. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure; but, why were we to be frighten'd out of our beds for this? Could not we have tried this cause to-morrow morning?

Miss Sterl. But, sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter Lord OGLEBY, in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, &c. leaning on CANTON.

Lord Og. I had rather lose a limb than my night's rest. What's the matter with you all?

Sterl. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!—Here's my lord too.

Lord Og. What's all this shrieking and screaming? Where's my angelic Fanny? She's safe, I hope?

Mrs. Heidel. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is lock'd up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

Lord Og. My nephew! then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. Heidel. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting to run away with the younger sister; and the younger sister has been plotting to run away with your nephew: and if we had not watched them and

call'd up the fammaly, they had been upon the scamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord Og. Look'e, ladies! I know that Sir John has conceived a violent passion for Miss Fanny; and I know too that Miss Fanny has conceived a violent passion for another person; and I am so well convinced of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them with my fortune, my honour, and my life.—Eh, shan't I, Mr. Sterling? [*Smiling.*] what say you?

Sterl. [*Sulkily.*] To be sure, my lord.—These bawling women have been the ruin of every thing.

[*Aside.*]

Lord Og. But come, I'll end this business in a trice—if you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr. Sterling will ensure Miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper through the key-hole.

Mrs. Heidel. The horrid creatures!—I say, my lord, break the door open.

Lord Og. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate! Now to our experiment!

[*Advancing towards the door.*]

Miss Sterl. Now, what will they do?—my heart will beat through my bosom.

Enter BETTY with the key.

Betty. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, my lord; we have done nothing that we ought to be ashamed of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.

[*Going to unlock the door.*]

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence.

Lord Og. The mystery thickens. Lady of the bed-chamber, [*To Betty.*] open the door, and intreat Sir John Melvil (for the ladies will have it that he is there) to appear and answer to high crimes and misdemeanors.—Call Sir John Melvil into the court!

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL, on the other side.

Sir John. I am here, my lord.

Mrs. Heidel. Hey-day!

Miss Sterl. Astonishment!

Sir John. What's all this alarm and confusion? there is nothing but hurry in the house; what is the reason of it?

Lord Og. Because you have been in that chamber; have been! nay, you are there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it——

Trav. This is the clearest alibi I ever knew, Mr. Serjeant.

Flow. *Luce clarius.*

Lord Og. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often these frolicks, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come [*To Betty.*] open the door, and intreat your amiable mistress to come forth, and dispel all our doubts with her smiles.

Betty. [*Opening the door.*] Madam, you are wanted in this room.

[*Pertly.*

Enter FANNY, in great confusion.

Miss Sterl. You see she's ready dressed—and what confusion she's in!

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage! her guilt confounds her!

Flow. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I am confounded, indeed, madam!

Lord Og. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! but with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind.—Pour conviction into their ears and raptures into mine.

[Smiling.]

Fanny. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distressed—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and misery of my—

[Faints away.]

Lord Og. She faints; help, help! for the fairest and best of women!

Betty. *[Running to her.]* O, my dear mistress!—help, help, there!—

Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her assistance.

LOVEWELL rushes out of the Chamber.

Lov. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer.—Prudence were now a crime; all other cares were lost in this!—speak, speak, speak to me, my dearest Fanny!—let me but hear thy voice, open your eyes, and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

[During this speech they are all in amazement.]

Miss Sterl. Lovewell!—I am easy.—

Mrs. Heidel. I am thunderstruck!

Lord Og. I am petrified!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fanny. [*Recovering.*] O, Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his lordship in the face.

Sterl. What now I did not I send you to London, sir?

Lord Og. Eh!—What! How's this! by what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber?

Low. By that right which makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forgo, for any the best of kings could give.

Betty. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnimity.

Lord Og. I am annihilated!

Sterl. I have been choked with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Zounds, what have you to say to me? Lovewell, you are a villain.—You have broke your word with me.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, he has not—you forbid him to think of me when it was out of his power to obey you; we have been married these four months.

Sterl. And he sha'n't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, madam.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Sterl. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly; and you shall follow him, madam.

Lord Og. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Look ye, Mr. Sterling, there have been some mistakes, which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forgive the cause of them; which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune;—’tis a debt of honour, and must be paid—you swore as much too, Mr. Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuse you, I suppose; for you never strike a balance without errors excepted.

Sterl. I am a father, my lord; but for the sake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls like herself to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Lov. I hope there will be no danger of that, sir. Young ladies, with minds like my Fanny’s, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

Mrs. Heidel. Indiscretion, quoth-a! a mighty pretty delicat word to express obedience!

Lord Og. For my part, I indulge my own passions too much to tyrannize over those of other people. Poor souls, I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. Why, why, as to that, my lord—to be sure he is a relation of yours, my lord——what say you, sister Heidelberg?

Mrs. Heidel. The girl's ruin'd, and I forgive her.

Sterl. Well—so do I then.—Nay, no thanks—[*To Lovewell and Fanny, who seem preparing to speak.*] there's an end of the matter.

Lord Og. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Lov. Your kindness, my lord—I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your lordship. For you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and intrigue—I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.—As for you, Sir John——

Sir John. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, and yourself, and that lady, (who, I hope, will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you, that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility enough to

be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Lov. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joys will be damp't, if his lordship's generosity, and Mr. Sterling's forgiveness, should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors. [*To the audience.*] [*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

CHARACTERS OF THE EPILOGUE.

Lord Minum, - - - - Mr. Dodd.
Colonel Trill, - - - - Mr. Vernon.
Sir Patrick Mabony, - - Mr. Moody.
Miss Crotchbet, - - - - Mrs. ———
Mrs. Quaver, - - - - Mrs. Lee.
First Lady, - - - - Mrs. Bradshaw.
Second Lady, - - - - Miss Mills.
Third Lady, - - - - Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE, *an Assembly.*

*Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables; among the rest,
Colonel TRILL, Lord MINUM, Mrs. QUAYER, Sir PATRICK MABONY.*

At the Quadrille Table.

Colonel Trill.

LADIES, with leave——

2d Lady. Pass!

3d Lady. Pass!

Mr. Qu. You must do more.

Col. T. Indeed I can't.

Mrs. Qu. I play in Hearts.

Col. T. Encore!

2d Lady. What luck!

Col. T. To night at Drury-Lane is play'd
A Comedy, and *tout nouvelle*—a Spade!
Is not Miss Crotchet at the play?

Mrs. Qu. My niece
Has made a party, sir, to damn the piece.

At the Whist Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a playhouse—Trump—It makes me sick,
1st Lady. We're two by Honours, ma'am.

Ld. Min. And we th' odd trick.

Pray, do you know the author, Colonel Trill?

Col. T. I know no poets, Heaven be prais'd—Spadille—

1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord. [Whispers Ld. Min.

Ld. Min. What, he again!

'And dwell such daring souls in little men?'

Be whose it will, they down our throats will cram it.

Col. T. O, no—I have a Club—the best—We'll damn it.

Mrs. Qu. O, bravo, colonel!—Music is my flame.

Ld. Min. And mine, by Jupiter!—We've won the game.

Col. T. What, do you love all music?

Mrs. Qu. No, not Handel's.

And nasty plays—

Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.

[Rise from the table and pay.

From the Piquette Table.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth, that Shakspeare was no fool!

Col. T. I'm glad you like him, sir—so ends the Pool.

[They pay, and rise from the table.

SONG, by the Colonel.

I hate all their nonsense,
Their Shakspeare's and Johnson's,
Their plays. and their playhouse, and bards:

'Tis singing, not saying ;
 A fig for all playing,
 But playing, as we do, at cards :

I love to see Jonas,
 Am pleas'd too with Comus ;
 Each well the spectator rewards.
 So clever, so neat in
 Their tricks and their cheating !
 Like them, we would fain deal our cards.

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching !—And how fine to see
 Oul, Hamlet's Ghost !—' To be, or not to be.'—
 What are your Op'ras to Othello's roar ?
 Oh, he's an angel of a Blackamoor !

Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his wife !—

Col. T. And calls her whore ?

Sir Pat. King Richard calls his horse—And then Macbeth,
 Whene'er he murders—takes away the breath.
 My blood runs cold at every syllable,
 To see the dagger that's invisible. [*All laugh.*]
 Laugh if you please—a pretty play—

Ld. Min. Is pretty.

Sir Pat. And when there's wit in't—

Col. T. To be sure 'tis witty.

Sir Pat. I love the playhouse now—so light and gay,
 With all those candles—they have ta'en away !

[*All laugh.*]

For all your game, what makes it so much brighter ?

Col. T. Put out the lights, and then—

Ld. Min. 'Tis so much lighter.

Sir Pat. Pray, do you mane, sirs, more than you express ?

Col. T. Just as it happens—

Ld. Min. Either more or less.

Mrs. Q. An't you aham'd, sir?

[To Sir Pat.

Sir Pat. Me!—I seldom blush:—

For little Shakspeare, faith, I'd take a push. [play.

Ld. Min. News, news!—Here comes Miss Crotchet from the

Enter Miss CROTCHET.

Mrs. Q. Well, Crotchet, what's the news?

Miss Cro. We've lost the day.

Col. T. Tell us, dear miss, all you have heard and seen.

Miss Cro. I'm tir'd—a chair—here, take my capuchin.

Ld. Min. And isn't it damn'd, miss?

Miss Cro. No, my lord, not quite.

But we shall damn it.

Col. T. When?

Miss Cro. To-morrow night.

There is a party of us, all of fashion,

Resolv'd to exterminate this vulgar passion:

A playhouse! what a place!—I must forswear it;

A little mischief only makes one bear it.

Such crowds of city folks!—so rude and pressing!

And their horse laughs, so hideously distressing!

Whene'er we hiss'd, they frown'd, and fell a swearing,

Like their own Guildhall giants—fierce and staring!

Col. T. What said the folks of fashion; were they cross?

Ld. Min. The rest have no more judgment than my horse.

Miss Cro. Lord Grimly said, 'twas execrable stuff.

Says one—Why so, my lord?—My lord took snuff.

In the first act Lord George began to doze,

And criticis'd the author thro' his nose;

So loud indeed, that as his lordship snor'd,

The pit turn'd round, and all the brutes encor'd.

Some lords, indeed, approv'd the author's jokes.

Ld. Min. We have among us, miss, some foolish folks.

Miss Cro. Says poor Lord Simper—Well, now to my mind,
The piece is good ;—but he's both deaf and blind.

Sir Pat. Upon my soul, a very pretty story !
And quality appears in all its glory.

There was some merit in the piece, no doubt :

Miss Cro. O, to be sure !—if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, miss, the subject of the play.

Miss Cro. Why, 'twas a marriage—yes—a marriage—stay——

A lord, an aunt, two sisters, and a merchant——

A baronet, ten lawyers, a fat serjeant,

Are all produc'd—to talk with one another ;

And about something make a mighty pother !

They all go in and out, and to and fro ;

And talk and quarrel—as they come and go——

Then go to bed—and then get up—and then——

Scream, faint, scold, kiss—and go to bed again.——

[*All Laugh.*

Such is the play—Your judgment—never sham it :—

Col. T. Oh, damn it !

Mrs. Qu. Damn it !

1st Lady. Damn it !

Miss Cro. Damn it !

Ld. Min. Damn it !

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you speak your minds, and I'll be free—
Good night—this company's too good for me. [*Going.*

Col. T. Your judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud.

[*All laugh.*

Sir Pat. Laugh, if you please, but, pray, don't laugh so loud.

[*Exit.*

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the barbarian's gone, miss, tune your tongue ;
And let us raise our spirits high with song.

RECITATIVE.

Miss Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon cœur*—I've one in *petto*,
Which you shall join, and make it a *duetto*.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. Bella Signora, et amico mio,
I too will join, and then we'll make a *trio*.
Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd chorus ;
And drive all tragedy and comedy before us.

All the Company rise, and advance to the front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go to see a tragedy ?
Miss Cro. Never, never.

Col. T. A comedy ?

Ld. Min. Never, never.

Live for ever !

Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

Col. T. Ld. Min. and Miss Cro. Live for ever.

Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to see, &c.

THE END.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT,

OR,

THE KIND IMPOSTOR.

A

COMEDY,

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

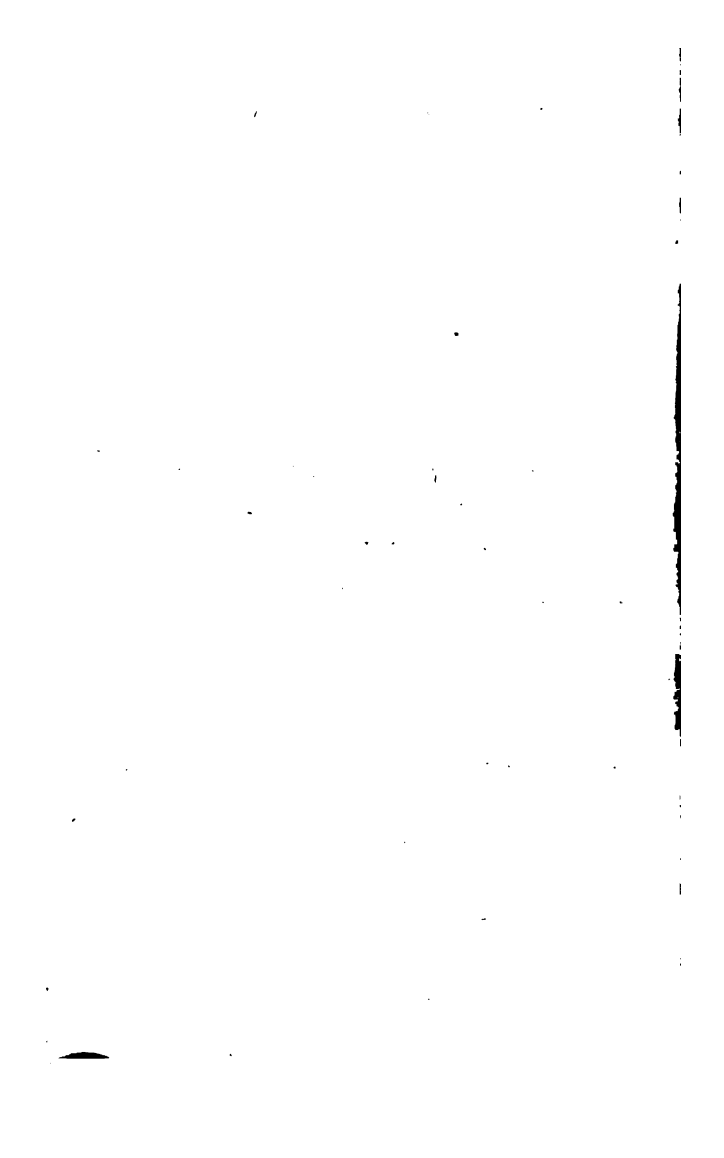
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MDCXCII.



TO THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
JAMES,
DUKE OF ORMOND.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

OUR late happy news from Vigo had so general an influence on the minds of the people, that it's no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the cheerfulness and good humour of the town inclined 'em to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert 'em: but the best part of its fortune is, that its appearing first this season has given it a sort of title to your Grace's protection, by being at the same time (among many other acknowledgments) the instrument of the stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves, from the consequence of so glorious an action; an action which, considered with the native greatness of your mind, will easily persuade us, that the only reason to suppose the ancient heroes greater than the moderns is, that they had better poets to record 'em; but, from your Grace's conduct this summer, we are convinced that their poetry may now outlive their greatness; and if modesty would suffer truth to speak, she'd plainly say, what they did, fell as short of you, as what you did, exceeds what they have greatly said; that they wrote as boldly as the English fight; and you lead them with the same spirit that the ancients wrote.

The nation's public and solemn praise to Heaven, and that under their represented thanks in parliament to you, the universal joy, and the deafening acclamations that echoed your return, were strong confessions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay; and to oblige beyond that power is truly great and glorious. But providence has fixed you in so eminent a degree of honour and of fortune, that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeigned and growing wishes you have planted in the people's hearts, are a sincere acknowledgment that's never paid but when great actions like your own deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful service of your country, that you at last have warmed their gratitude into a cordial love; for 'tis hard to say that we were more pleased with our victory than that the Duke of Ormond brought it us. But I forget myself; the pleasure of the subject had almost made me insensible of the danger of offending. If I were speaking to the world only, I have said too little; but while your grace is my reader, I know the severity of your virtue won't easily forgive me unless I let the subject fall, and immediately conclude myself,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most devoted,

Most obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

C. CIBBER.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

COLLEY CIBBER seems to have been fond of the intrigue which he found, or could more probably frame, in Spanish plots.—They produce bustle and a croud of incidents, which carry off flimsy sentiments and weak diction. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER seem to have led this Spanish fashion among our dramatists, and all the derived magic of their poetic powers sleeps whenever they indulge in these busy *novel* plays.

The present drama is from the *Trapanner trapped*; it is lively, whimsical, and very pleasant—it acts better than it reads.—Often performed, the public need not be told, that there might be a little prurient dialogue suppressed, without much injury to the author's moral character, or the excellence of the play.

PROLOGUE.

CRITICS! tho' plays without your smiles subsist,
Yet this was writ to reach you gen'rous taste,
And not in stern contempt of any other guest.
Our humble author thinks a play should be,
Tho' ty'd to rules, like a good sermon, free
From pride, and stoop to each capacity.
Tho' he dares not, like some, depend alone
Upon a single character new shewn;
Or only things well said, to draw the town.
Such plays, like looser beauties, may have pow'r
To please, and sport away a wanton hour;
But wit and humour, with a just design,
Charm, as when beauty, sense, and virtue join
Such was his just attempt, though 'tis confess'd
He's only vain enough t' have done his best;
For rules are but the posts that mark the course,
Which way the rider should direct his horse:
He that mistakes his ground is eas'ly beat,
Tho' he that runs it true mayn't do the feat;
For 'tis the straining genius that must win the heat.
O'er chokejade to the ditch a jade may lead,
But the true proof of Pegasus's breed,
Is when the last at turns the lands with Dimple's speed,
Now then, in short, the method that he takes:
His plot and persons he from nature makes,
Who for no bribe of jest he willingly forsakes;

*His wit, if any, mingles with his plot,
Which should on no temptation be forgot :
His action's in the time of acting done,
No more than from the curtain, up and down :
While the first music plays he moves his scene
A little space, but never shifts again.*

*From his design no person can be spar'd,
Or speeches lopt, unless the whole be marr'd.
No scenes of talk for talking's sake are shewn,
Where most abruptly, when their chat is done,
Actors go off because the poet——can't go on.
His first act offers something to be done,
And all the rest but lead that action on ;
Which, when pursuing scenes i' th' end discover,
The game's run down, of course the play is over.
Thus much he thought 'twas requisite to say,
(For all here are not critics born) that they
Who only us'd to like, might learn to taste a play.*

*But now he flies for refuge to the fair,
Whom he must own the ablest judges here.
Since all the springs of his design but move
From beauty's cruelty subdu'd by love ;
E'en they, whose hearts are yet untouch'd, must know,
In the same case, sure, what their own wou'd do :
You best should judge of love, since love is born of you.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

DON MANUEL, <i>father to Rosara,</i>	-	-	Mr. Edwin.
DON PHILIP, <i>slighted by Hypolita,</i>	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
DON LOUIS, <i>nephew to Don Manuel,</i>	-	-	Mr. Booth.
OCTAVIO, <i>in love with Rosara,</i>	-	-	Mr. Davies.
TRAPPANTI, <i>a cast servant of Don</i>			
Philip's,	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
SOTO, <i>servant to Don Philip,</i>	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.

Women.

HYPOLITA, <i>secretly in love with Don</i>			
Philip,	-	-	Mrs. Bates.
ROSARA, <i>in love with Octavio,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Lewis.
FLORA, <i>confidant to Hypolita,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Martyr.
VILETTA, <i>woman to Rosara,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Wilson.

Host, Alguazil, and Servants.

SCENE, Madrid.



SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn in Madrid. Enter TRAPPANTI alone, talking to himself.

INDEED, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, couldst thou part with that unappeaseable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher: contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of them; but—when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh—Fasting's the devil!—Let me see—this I take it is the most frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host. [Within.] Take care of the gentlemen's horses there; see them well rubbed and littered.

10 SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. *Alf.*

Trap. Just alighted! if they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me. Ha! a couple of pretty young sparks, faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA in Mens' Habits, a Servant with a Portmanteau.

Trap. Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

Flo. Sir, your servant.

Serv. Have the horses pleased your honour?

Hyp. Very well indeed, friend. Pr'ythee, set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, sir. Here, ostler!

[Exeunt Trap. and Servant.]

Flo. And pray, madam, what do I deserve that have lost the use of limbs to keep pace with you? 'Sheart! you whipped and spurred like a fox-hunter: it's a sign you had a lover in view: I'm sure my shoulders ache as if I had carried my horse on them.

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed; but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flo. Thank me, quotha! Egad, I sha'n't be able to sit this fortnight. Well, I'm glad our journey's at an end however: and now, madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now, I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flo. No, your sweet usage of him told me that

long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it; and what is it you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flo. Ah, dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it, you see, for he's coming post to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw.

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engaged him.

Flo. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flo. To another!

Hyp. To my whole sex rather than own I loved him.

Flo. Ah, done like a woman of courage!

Hyp. I could not bear the thought of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have torn him piece-meal.

Flo. Ay, I warrant you, an insolent—agreeable puppy. “Well, but to leave impertinence, madam, pray how came you to squabble with him?”

“*Hyp.* I'll tell thee, Flora: you know Don Philip wants no charms that can recommend a lover; in birth and quality I confess him my superior; and it is the thought of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might deserve me: this always stung my pride, and made me overact

“ it: nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost
 “ drawn tears into my eyes, I have turned the sub-
 “ ject with some trivial talk, or hummed a spiteful
 “ tune, though I believe his heart was breaking.

“ *Flo.* A very tender principle, truly.

“ *Hyp.* Well, I don't know, it was in my nature.
 “ But to proceed—this and worse usage continued a
 “ long time; at last, despairing of my heart, he then
 “ resolved to do a violence on his own, by consenting
 “ to his father's commands of marrying a lady of
 “ considerable fortune here in Madrid. The match
 “ is concluded, articles are sealed, and the day is
 “ fixed for his journey. Now the night before he set
 “ out, he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I
 “ suppose, I would have staid him. I need not tell
 “ you my confusion at the news; and though I could
 “ have given my soul to have deferred it, yet finding
 “ him, unless I bade him stay, resolved upon the
 “ marriage, I (from the pure spirit of contradiction)
 “ swore to myself I would not bid him do it, so called
 “ for my veil, and told him I was in haste, begged
 “ his pardon, your servant, and so whipped to
 “ prayers.

“ *Flo.* Well said again; that was a clincher. Ah,
 “ had not you better been at confession?

“ *Hyp.* Why, really, I might have saved a long
 “ journey by it. To be short, when I came from
 “ church, Don Philip had left this letter at home for
 “ me, without requiring an answer—Read it—

“ *Flo.* [*Reads.*] ‘Your usage has made me justly

“despair of you, and now any change must better
“my condition; at least, it has reduced me to the
“necessity of trying the last remedy, marriage with
“another; if it prove ineffectual, I only wish you
“may at some hours remember how little cause I
“have given you to have made me for ever miserable.
“**PHILIP.**

“Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conscience!
“Indeed, madam, this was carrying the jest a little
“too far.

“*Hyp.* Ah, by many a long mile, Flora; but what
“would you have a woman do when her hand's in?”

Flo. “Nay, the truth on it is, we never know the
“difference between enough and a surfeit;” but
love be praised, your proud stomach's come down
for it.

Hyp. Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as it was.
~~In the~~ word, his last letter set me at my wit's end, and
~~when~~ I came to myself, you may remember you
thought me bewitched; for I immediately called for
my boots and breeches, a straddle we got, and so
rode after him.

Flo. Why truly, madam, as to your wits, I have
not much altered my opinion of them, for I can't
see what you propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, Flora, lies in this port-
manteau and these breeches.

Flo. A notable design, no doubt; but pray let's
hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married between them.

Flo. How ! twice ?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches, and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take ye : but pray, what's in the portmanteau, and how came you by it ?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant at the last inn we lay at in Toledo. In it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, good gold store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flo. A very smart undertaking, by my troth ! And pray, madam, what part am I to act ?

Hyp. My woman still ; when I can't lie for myself, you are to do it for me in the person of a cousin-german.

Flo. And my name is to be——

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please : be your own godfather.

Flo. 'Egad, I begin to like it mightily ; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall ; for, to be sure, Don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. Oh, let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it must be alone if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But can you bully upon occasion?

Flo. I can scold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing: bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

Flo. Say ye so? Why then, don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, though I lose the end of my sex by it. Well, madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours: we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law——How now! what would this fellow have?——

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by my troth! right and sound, I warrant them; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this house.——I always stand by, sir, see them rubbed down with my own eyes——Catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

Flo. I have seen this fellow somewhere.

Trap. Hey-day! what, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey, house! tapster! landlord! hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you.

Trap. Psha! dear sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a——Sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so, here and there one makes shift, you know.—Hey! will these people never come? [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself, sir.

Trap. Oh, nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir—was it fish or flesh, sir?

Flo. Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers. You don't know this house, sir; why, they'll let you starve if you don't stir and call, and that like thunder too——Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. Ha! you eat here sometimes I presume, sir?

Trap. Umph!—Ay, sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home indeed—things are generally, you know, so out of order there that—Did you hear any fresh news upon the road, sir?

Hyp. Only, sir, that the King of France lost a great horse-match upon the Alps t'other day.

Trap. Ha! a very odd place for a horse-race—but the King of France may do any thing—Did you come that way, gentlemen? or—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call, gentleman?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too, sir. Here the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near 'em. What have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapped down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, get us some young rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, sir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish, sir! I drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, sir; but if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee! hast thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, sir.

Hyp. Pr'ythee get us a breast then.

Host. Breast! don't you love the neck, sir?

Hyp. Have ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

Trap. Faith, sir, I don't know but a nothing else may be, very good meat when any thing else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done, gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear sir! Indeed I'll do it.

[Exeunt Host and Trap.]

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turned away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

Flo. The very same I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concerned for him. What makes him so far from Seville?

Flo. I am afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful as my case stands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it—I'll talk with him.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room—Are you not for a whet, sir? What wine? what wine? hey!

Flo. We give you trouble, sir.

Trap. Not in the least, sir—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. D'ye call, gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What sort you please, sir.

Flo. Sir, will you please to name it? [*To Trap.*]

Trap. Nay, pray, sir.

Hyp. No ceremony, dear sir! upon my word you shall.

Trap. Upon my soul you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words. Pr'ythee, you shall.

Trap. Psha! but why this among friends, now? Here—have ye any right Galicia?

Host. The best in Spain, I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes, sir. [*Exit. Host.*]

Flo. Who says this fellow's a starving now? On my conscience, the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

Hyp. Hang, him, 'tis inoffensive ; I'll humour him
—Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill)——

Trap. Oh, dear sir !

Hyp. What profession may you be of ?

Trap. Profession, sir—I—I—'Ods me ? here's the wine.

Enter Host.

Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—Ye block-head, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not ? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 'twill do—Give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine ?

Hyp. Extremely good, indeed——But, sir, as to my question.

Trap. I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. Oh, pray sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant——Here, master ! pr'ythee, get us a—ha ! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs, a dozen, d'ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Going.*]

Trap. Friend——let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

Hyp. But, sir——

Trap. 'Odsol I had like to have forgot——here a—Sancho, Sancho ! Ay, is not your name Sancho ?

Host. Diego, sir.

Trap. Oh, ay, Diego; that's true indeed, Diego. Umph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full.

Trap. Come, here's to thee, Diego—[*Drinks and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name, though.

Host. No great harm, sir.

Trap. Diego, ha! a very pretty name, faith—I think you are married, are you not, Diego?

Host. Ay, ay, sir.

Trap. Ha! how many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy, sir.

Trap. Ha! nine girls—Come, here's to thee again, Diego—Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, ha, Diego?

Host. Pretty well, sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye—Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste 'em, sir?

Trap. Taste 'em! hum! pr'ythee let's have a plate, Diego.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please, sir: when it's ready, call us.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Host.*]

Hyp. But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much: I am a plain dealing sort of a man: if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever serv'd, sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superior officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, sir?

Trap. If a good post fall in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you—Pray, sir, when you served last did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, sir!—Yes, sir, I was paid, cleared, subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And our late commander's name was—

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious, for I am sure you don't know me, though I do you and your condition, which I dare promise you I'll mend upon our better acquaintance; and your first step to deserve it is to answer me honestly to a few questions. Keep your assurance still; it may do me service; I shall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you. [*Gives him money.*]

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flo. Nay, I'll pass my word he sha'n't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such sort of a face before; but where—I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

Hyp. "Grammercy! here, cousin. [*Drinks to Flora.*]"

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Come now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love! how pray?

Trap. Very deep—up to the ears—over head—drowned by this time—he would in—I would have had him stopped when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil.

Hyp. So, now for a very ugly likeness of my own face. [*Aside.*] What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort—a woman.

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita, but her proper name was Shittlecock.

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*Aside to Hyp.*]

Hyp. Pretty well. [*Aside to Flo.*] Was she hand, some:

Trap. Umph—so, so.

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*To Hyp.*]

Hyp. Umph—so, so. [*To Flo.*] Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What, had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith, I don't remember them.

Hyp. Ha! d'ye think she loved him?

Trap. If she did, 'twas as the cobbler loved his wife.

Hyp. How's that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice a day, and told his neighbours he loved her ne'er the worse, but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flo. How d'ye do now? [To Hyp.]

Hyp. I don't know—methinks, I—But sure; what, was she not handsome, say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue.

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flo. Ay, say that at your peril. [Aside.]

Hyp. What was she? how did she look?

Trap. Look! why faith the woman looked very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! had she no charm? what made him love her?

Trap. Really, I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the picture, madam? [Aside.]

Hyp. Oh, oh, extremely well! the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

Enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table.

[Exit Host.]

Hyp. That's well. Come, sir; at dinner I'll give you farther instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, sir. *[To Flora.]*

Flo. Nay, dear sir! no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant.

[As they are going, Hyp. stops them.]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care should see me.

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. *[Exit Trap.]*

Flo. You seem concerned; who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live!—Come this way. *[They retire.]*

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman; tell her I am just come to town; slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Re-enter Host, conducting DON PHILIP.

Host. Here, sir, please to walk this way.

Flo. And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

D. Ph. When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. Nay, then, it is time for us to make ready—

Alons!

[*Excunt Hyp. and Flo.*]

Oct. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Dear Octavio!

Oct. What lucky point of the compass could blow us to one another so?

D. Ph. Faith a wind very contrary to my inclination; but the worst, I see, blows some good. I am overjoyed to see you.—But what makes you so far from the army?

“*Oct.* Who thought to have found you so far from “Seville?

“*D. Ph.* What do you do at Madrid?”

Oct. Oh, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, and yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment, no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

D. Ph. Unriddle, pray.

Oct. Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

D. Ph. I remember.

Oct. That same silly, stubborn, charming angel now capitulates.

D. Ph. Then she's taken.

Oct. I can't tell that; for you must know her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

D. Ph. Marry her to another——

Os. Of a better estate than mine, it seems. She tells me here, he is within a day's march of her, begs me to come upon the spur to her relief; and, if I don't arrive too late, confesses she loves me well enough to open the gates, and let me enter the town before him. There's her express, read it.——

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI appear in the
Balcony.

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a mistress—let us observe.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old master.

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good servant when he had him.

D. Ph. [*Reads.*] 'My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to perfect it: the gentleman is expected every hour. In the mean time, if you know any friend that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim. I am almost out of my senses, which you will easily believe when I tell you, if such a one should make haste, I sha'n't have time to refuse him any thing.'

Hyp. How is this?

D. Phil. No name?

Os. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flo. If this should be Don Philip's mistress?

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is: I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky discovery—but hush.

D. Ph. What will you do in this case?

Os. That I don't yet know: "I am half distracted;" I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her; I warrant the poor fool will be so soft and so humble, now she's in a fright.

D. Ph. What will you propose at your meeting her?

Os. I don't know; may-be another meeting; at least it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good bye, and a sigh—Ah, if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

D. Ph. Consider——

Os. Ah, so I do! What pleasure 'twould be, to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moonshiny night; to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk night-gown loose about her, and in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms, breathless with fear; "her panting bosom close to mine, then to stifle her with kisses, and curl myself about her smooth warm limbs, that breathe an healing odour from their pores, enough to make the senses ake, or fancy mad."

D. Ph. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper——

Os. And thou art the most altered I ever knew. Pr'ythee, what makes thee so much upon the hum-drum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

Hyp. So, now I shall have my picture by another hand.

D. Ph. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's; she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

Os. 'Sdeath, you make me tremble! I hope 'tis not my mistress.

D. Ph. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place—or if it were, (she loving you) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Os. That's generous indeed: but still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble.

D. Ph. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man; a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Os. Psha, dissembled.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Ph. I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Flo. Well, men are fools.

Os. And by this time she's in fits for your leaving her; 'tis her nature; I know her from her bib and baby: I remember, at five years old, the vixen has fasted three days together, in pure spite to her governess.

Hyp. So!

Os. Nothing could ever, in appearance, make her pleased or angry; always too proud to be obliged, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low as to seem fond of revenge: she had a stomach that could digest every thing but humility.

Hyp. Good lack, Mr. Wit!

Os. Yet, with all this, I have sometimes seen her good-natured, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the rogue was civil again.

D. Ph. I have thought so too. [*Sighing.*]

Hyp. How can he speak of me with so much generosity?

Os. For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you,

D. Ph. I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate myself.

Os. Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

D. Ph. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand.

D. Ph. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

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OA. Then, (though she be my sister) may some jealous, old, ill-natured dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you, sir.

D. Ph. Come, forget it.

Hyp. Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions, to know 'tis time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt Hyp. Flo. and Trap.*]

OA. With all my heart; let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

D. Ph. I intended it immediately, but an unlucky accident has hindered me: one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent sottish rogue in nature; has left my portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last town we lay at, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father, till I am able to assure them who I am.

OA. Why don't you go back yourself to see for them?

D. Ph. I have sent my servant, for I am really tired: I was loath to appear so much concerned for them, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

Enter Servant to OCTAVIO.

OA. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer, sir.

[*Gives a letter.*]

D ij

32 SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. *AL I.*

OS. [*To D. Ph.*] My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons; I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me. I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off o' duty I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Ph. You'll find me hear, or here of me. Adieu. Here, house! [*Exit OS.*]

Enter Host,

Pr'ythee, see if my servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

D. Ph. Ay, where is the sot?

Host. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

D. Ph. Pray, tell the gentleman I'd speak with him.—[*Exit Host.*] In all the necessities of life, there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, Soto!

Enter SOTO drunk.

Sot. Did you please to—such!—call, sir?

D. Ph. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Sot. Sir, I did not know any thing of it. I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

D. Ph. And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Sot. Yes, sir—I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass

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at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh!

D. Ph. You are drunk, rascal!—Where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, I am here—if you please I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—huh!

D. Ph. My mind misgives me—speak, villain!—
[*Strikes him.*]

Sot. I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order: I ar'n't running away, sir.

D. Ph. To the point, sirrah.

Sot. Not of your sword, dear sir!

D. Ph. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road going and coming, and asked about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

D. Ph. What?

Sot. That it must certainly be lost.

D. Ph. Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me?

[*Beats him.*]

Sot. Lord, sir, you won't hear reason—Are you sure you ha'n't it about you?—If I know any thing of it I wish I may be burnt!

D. Ph. Villain! your life can't make me satisfaction.

Sot. No, sir, that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—

D. Ph. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

Sot. Sir—I had rather—bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket than have had such a life about it.

D. Ph. Be dumb!

Sot. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Ph. If this rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventured to come back again.—I am confounded! Neither Don Manuel nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my neglect.—What shall I do?—Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think. Hey, sot!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, *and* TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold, sir, let me touch up your foretop a little.

Hyp. “So! my gloves”—Well, Trappanti, you know your business, and if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember them both—’Odso! I had like to have forgot—Here, house! a bason and wash-ball—I’ve a razor about me. Hey! [*Knocks.*

Hyp. What’s the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shaved.

Hyp. Shaved!

Trap. Ever while you live, sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey ! [Knocks.

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, Diego !

Hyp. Psha ! pr'ythee don't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, sir ; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day.

[Taking her by the chin.

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too : pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things.

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [Exit Trap;

Flo. Come, madam, courage ! Now, let's do something for the honour of our sex, give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of them.

Hyp. Well said, Flora : for the honour of our sex be it then, and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please ; but Nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics ;

Therefore to men th' affair of state's confin'd,

Wisely to us the state of love's assign'd,

As love's the weightier bus'ness of mankind. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don MANUEL's House. Enter ROSARA and VILETTA.

Viletti.

HEAR reason.

Ros. Talk of Octavio then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentlemen your father designs you for may prove as pretty a fellow as he? If you should happen to like him as well, would not that do your business as well?

Ros. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool.

Ros. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

Vil. Hang them, say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? Octavio's now in a very good post—keep him there—I know the man; he understands the business he is in to a hair; but, faith, you'll spoil him; he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one for an husband.

Ros. Poor! he has enough.

Vil. That's the most he has.

Ros. 'Twill do our business.

Vil. But when you have no portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll soon have

enough of you, and how will your business be done then, pray?

Ros. Psha! you talk like a fool.

Vil. Come, come, if Octavio must be the man, I say let Don Philip be the husband.

Ros. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

Vil. In vain, I see—I have done, madam—one must have time to be wise; but, in the mean while, what do ye resolve? positively not to marry Don Philip?

Ros. I don't know what I shall do till I see Octavio. When did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. Octavio; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold not to tell you what time he would be here.

Ros. Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me, when shall I see him?

Vil. Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed.

[Smiling.]

Ros. When, Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of them, madam?

Ros. Psha! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. Oh, dear madam! I should be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have them all first. [*Curtseying.*]

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Ros. His habit!

Vil. Ay, madam, he's turned friar to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him.—Hist, Octavio! you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO, in a Friar's Habit.

OB. After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do, Octavio?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

OB. Kind creature! Do! why, as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes too?

OB. Psha! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your addresses.

Oct. First, let's be fast married: perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it: "if we should try him now, 'twill but set more upon his guard against us: since we are listed under Love," don't let us serve in a separate garrison. Come, come, stand to your arms, whip a suit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Ros. Ah! my father!

Oct. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Viletta!

Vil. Sir.

D. Man. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hist! don't disturb her.

D. Man. Disturb her! Why, what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession, sir.

D. Man. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear sir, there's no living without them.

D. Man. She's now at years of discretion.

Vil. There's the danger, sir; she's just of the tast-ing age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

D. Man. Ah! then the jades have swinging stomachs. I find her aversion to the marriage I have

proposed her has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

D. Man. Fiddle faddle! I won't have her seem wicked. Hussy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know 'em, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her—Save you, father.

Old. Bless you, son.

D. Man. How now! What's become of Father Benediçt? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well; and so desired this gentlemen, his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Man. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay, sir; he has not been long at it.

Old. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I wish I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old don here. *[Aside.]*

D. Man. Well, sir, how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Old. Why truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

D. Man. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Old. She has told me a most lamentable story.

D. Man. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie.

Old. Indeed, son, I find by her confession that you

are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

D. Man. Hey-day! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing them instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents them too.

OE. Son, forbear; this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

D. Man. Sir, I have done; but pray, if you please, let's come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

OE. Nay, sir, mistake her not: she did not with any malicious design expose your faults, but as her own depended on them; her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

D. Man. Let's have them both antecedent and consequent.

OE. Why, she confessed her first maiden innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged, and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes; and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

D. Man. Very good! I see no harm in all this.

OE. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Man. Serious! so I am, sir. What a devil! must I needs be melancholy, because I have got her a good husband?

OA. Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she cann't think him a good one.

D. Man. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

OA. What have you to object against the man she likes?

D. Man. The man I like.

OA. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

D. Man. Ay! that if he can.

OA. You would not, sir, refuse to hear him.

D. Man. Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing that I am sure will signify nothing.

OA. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were Nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

D. Man. Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

OA. Then I must tell you, sir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty, and to let you know too you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

D. Man. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage; and so, if you please, father, you may walk home again—when any thing lies upon my conscience, I'll send for you.

OA. Nay, then 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain,

[Throws off his disguise,

Vil. So! here will be fine work! [*Aside.*

D. Man. Octavio! the devil!

Os. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I leave you, sir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*

D. Man. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine!—and that other jade of my jade's!—Here has been rare doings!—Well! it sha'n't hold long; madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning—Ha! Sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do—those long strides, don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress.—Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off o' the table there. Tum! tum! [*Sings.*

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks. [*Aside.*

Ros. This obstinacy of yours, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit Rosara, and Don Man. locks her in.*

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*

Os. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. Sir, you have locked my mistress in. [*Pertly.*

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let her out.

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum!

Oct. You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

D. Man. Why then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oct. You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old to answer as you ought this wrong, therefore I'll look for reputation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house, I'll watch it carefully; I'll know who dares enter it. This, sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her. [*Exit Oct.*]

D. Man. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at.—But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Run you for an alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit Serv.*]

Vil. Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Ros. [*Within.*] Viletta!

Vil. Here, here, madam—Bless me! what's this?

[*Viletta listens at the closet door, and Rosara thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*]

Ha! a billet—to Octavio—a—hem.

. [*Puts it into her bosom.*]

D. Man. How now, hussy ? What are you fumbling about that door for ?

Vil. Nothing, sir ; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

D. Man. Oh ! she had as good let them alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there ?

Vil. Yes, sir, I let him in. [*Pertly.*

D. Man. Did you so ?—Ha ! then if you please, madam,—I'll let you go out—go—go—get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bless me ! Sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

D. Man. Thou art strangely impudent.

Vil. Only the farthest from it in the world, sir.

D. Man. Then I am strangely mistaken ; didst not thou own just now thou lett'st him in ?

Vil. Yes—but 'twas in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

D. Man. Ha !

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

D. Man. Ha !

Vil. And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while ; so I

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thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

D. Man. Ha!

Vil. So upon this, sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

D. Man. Nay, if it be so as thou sayest, he was a proper confessor indeed.

Vil. Ay, sir, for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

D. Man. No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

Vil. Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me?

D. Man. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this, though, perhaps, you'll choose that place: I think you never much cared for your husband's company; and if I don't mistake, you sent him to Heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that?

[Noise without.]

"Vil. So, Octavio's pushing his fortune—he'll
"have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see."

[Exit Viletta.]

Enter a Servant hastily.

D. Man. How now?

Serv. O, sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen just as they were alighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress; I heard them name her name; I'm afraid there will be mischief, sir: there they are, all at it, helter skelter.

D. Man. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece; call an officer; raise the

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neighbours; give me my great gun; I'll shoot him out of the garret window. [*Exit Don Manuel.*]

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, putting up their Swords, OCTAVIO in the Alguazil's Hands, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Bring him along—This is such an insolence! damn it! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flo. I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons. Are our things safe?

Trap. Ay, sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scowered off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on, sir.

Oct. Pr'ythee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal, that knocked me down, for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know if you had not been knocked down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? who knows you?

Oct. I'm glad, at least, to find it is not Don Philip that's my rival. [*Aside.*]

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach side.

Oct. Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short: I love the lady you are to marry, and if you don't quit

your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the danger's equal—for rot me, if I am not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Os. If I were out of these gentlemens' hands, on my word, sir, you should not want an opportunity.

Hyp. O, sir! these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

Flo. Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, sir, bring your friend, I'm his. Damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Os. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence at—— [*Whispers.*]

Flo. Very well, sir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not without my master's order. Here he is, sir.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. How now, bully confessor? What! in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Ferdinando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his most dear and worthy friend, Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurance of a kind reception.

D. Man. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye. I'm overjoy'd to see you—Your friend, sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Se-

ville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

D. Man. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

Flo. You do me honour, sir.

D. Man. I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

D. Man. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

D. Man. A pretty mettled fellow, faith—I must not let him fight though. [*Aside.*] But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

D. Man. Discharge him! Pray consider, sir——

[*They seem to talk.*]

Enter VILETTA, and slips a Note into OCTAVIO's Hand.

Vil. Send your answer to me. [*Exit Vil.*]

OS. [*Aside.*] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest.
[*Reads.*] 'I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet

window where I am is but a step to the ground : be at the back-door of the garden exactly at the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.' Dear, kind creature ! Now if my little don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe.

D. Man. Well, sir, since I find your honour is dipt so deep in the matter—here—release the gentleman.

Flo. So, sir, you have your freedom ; you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual.——Sir, your servant.

OE. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon ; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed ; and I confess your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself obliged, from the same principle, to assure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival. I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit OE.*]

Hyp. Your servant, sir—I think we released my brother very handsomely ; but I ha'n't done with him. [*Aside to Flora.*]

D. Man. What can this sudden turn of civility mean ? I'm afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my ser-

vant here has discovered a piece of villany of his that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Man. Is it possible ? Why would you let him go then ?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.

D. Man. Pray, be plain, sir ; what is it ?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you—for to say truth, he's much better at a lie. [*Aside.*]

D. Man. Come hither, friend ; pray, what is this business ?

Hyp. Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman at the inn where we alighted ?

Trap. Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portmantau in the yard there, I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your honour's name ; upon which, sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

D. Man. Pray, who was that other spark, friend ?

Trap. A brother rake, sir ; a damn'd sly-looking fellow.

D. Man. So.

Flo. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master ! [*Aside.*]

Hyp. Poor Don Philip ! [*Aside.*]

Trap. Says one of them, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you, sir) will never let you have her by fair means ; however, says Octavio, I'll try soft words ; but if those won't do, bully him, says t'other.

D. Man. Ah, poor dog! but that would not do neither, sir; he has tried them both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so, sir! then you'll find what I say is all of a-piece. Well, and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young prig, your rival, (meaning you then, sir.) [To Hyp.

D. Man. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No, sir; that he found was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud! my master fought like a lion, sir.

Hyp. Truly I did not spare him.

Flo. No, faith—after he was knocked down. [*Aside.*

Trap. But now, sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray observe, sir.

Trap. Well, says Slylooks, and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Man. Would you so, Mr. Dog; but he'll be hanged.

Hyp. O, sir, you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this discovery.

D. Man. Pray, sir, let's hear: what was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, sir, to alarm you that my master was an impostor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your

daughter; upon which (says he) the old put (meaning you again, sir,) will be so bamboozled, that—

D. Man. But pray, sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear, sir; (the plot was pretty well-laid too) I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal, your rival, (meaning you then, sir,) has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in Madrid, says he, so that a little impudence and a grave face will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, sir.

D. Man. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

Flo. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

D. Man. Why, truly, if we had not been fore-armed by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed; but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let them see, that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter, think ye be prevailed with?

D. Man. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute—It's pity methinks we released that bully tho'——

“*Hyp.* Not at all, sir; I don't suppose he can have
“ the impudence to pursue his design; or if he should,
“ sir,——now we know him beforehand.

“*D. Man.* Nay, that's true as you say,—but there-
“ fore, methinks, I'd have him come: I love mightily
“ to laugh in my sleeve at an impudent rogue when
“ I'm sure he can do me no harm. Udsflesh! if he
“ comes, the dog sha'n't know whether I believe him
“ or not—I'll try if the old put can bamboozle him
“ or no.

“*Hyp.* Egad, sir, you're in the right on't; knock
“ him down with his own weapon.

“*Trap.* And when he's down I have a trick to keep
“ him so.

“*Flo.* The devil's in it if we don't maul this rascal
“ among us.

“*D. Man.* A son of a whore——I am sorry we let
“ him go so soon, faith.”

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, sir, upon second thoughts, I wish we had—His excusing the challenge so abruptly, makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some other way——Did not you observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

D. Man. Humh!

Flo. They seemed very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what—but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

D. Man. I am alarmed.

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

D. Man. I think she's pretty safe—but I'll go make her sure.

Flo. "'Twill be no harm to look about ye, sir." Where's her woman?

D. Man. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be searched for intelligence—You'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

D. Man. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fernando—Your servant.

[*Exit.* Don Man.]

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant—Trappanti, thou art a rare fellow; thou hast an admirable face, and when thou diest, I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

Trap. So 'tis indeed, sir—A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest—But, sirrah, we have more work for ye: you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman; there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah, sir, I warrant you—I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof

—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder: the French charge all their cannon with 'em; the only weapon in the world, sir. I remember my old master's father used to say the best thing in the Greek grammar was—*Arguriois lonchasy machou, kai panta crateseis.* — [*Exit Trap.*

Hyp. Well, dear Flora, let me kiss thee: thou hast done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. Egad, I think so: didn't I bear up briskly? Now if Don Philip should come while my blood's up, let him look to himself.

Hyp. We shall find him a little tough, I believe: for, poor gentleman! he is like to meet with a very odd reception from his father-in-law.

Flo. Nay, we have done his business there, I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old gentleman swallowed Trappanti's lie!

Flo. And how rarely the rogue told it!

Hyp. And how soon it worked with him! for if you please, says he, we'll let him see that we have wit enough to do our business, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Flo. Ah, we have it all the way—Well, what must we do next.

Hyp. Why, now for the lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then——

Flo. Victoria!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continued. Enter VILETTA hastily, DON MANUEL and TRAPPANTI behind observing her.

Viletta.

So, with much ado I have given the old don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well—now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says. [*Takes a letter from her bosom.*]

Trap. Hist! there she is, and alone. When the devil has any thing to do with a woman, sir, that's his time to take her. Stand close.

D. Man. Ah, he's at work already—There's a letter.

Trap. Leave her to me, sir, I'll read it.

Vil. Hah, two pistoles!—Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business; his letters always come post-paid.

[*While she is reading, Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.*]

'Dear Viletta, convey the enclosed immediately to your mistress, and as you prize my life, use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend.'

Trap. Octavio!

[*Reading.*]

Vil. Ah!

[*Shrieking.*

Trap. Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why—I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

Vil. I don't know any business you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing—your not knowing that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet Honeycomb! don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool says true; I had better wheedle him. [Aside.

Trap. My dear queen! don't be frightened—I come as a friend; now be serious.

Vil. Well, what would you have!

Trap. Don't you love money above any thing in the world—except one.

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good—and pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you, child, though you are of counsel for him, use him like a true lawyer; make difficulties where

there are none, that he may see you where he needs not. Dispatch is out of practice? delay makes long bills: stick to it; once get him his cause, there's no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the same reason I have no mind to put an end to my own fees by marrying my master: while they are lovers they will always have occasion for a confidant and a pimp; but when they marry—*serviteur*—good night vails; our harvest is over. What d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why—I like what you say very well; but I don't know, my friend, to me—that same face of your's looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery—What is it you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't you let your mistress marry Octavio: I'll do my best to hinder my master. Let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of them all three.

Vil. Look you, seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment——my person in custody.

Vil. Ah, that won't do.

Trap. No, my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in't—taste it. [*Offering to kiss her, she puts him away.*]

Vil. No.

Trap. Faith, you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money.

[*Tosses a purse, she catches it, and he kisses her.*]

Vil. Psha! Well, if I must, come then—to see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay, then, take a second thought of me, child. [*Again.*]

D. Man. Hah!—this is laying their heads together indeed. [*Behind.*]

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a letter to give to my mistress. Slip into the garden—I'll come t'ye presently.

Trap. Is't from Octavio?

Vil. Psha! begone, I say. [*Snatches the letter.*]

Trap. Hist! [*Trappanti beckons Don Manuel, who goes softly behind.*]

Vil. Madam! madam! ah!

D. Man. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*]

Vil. Ah lud! oh lud!—there! [*Squeaking.*]

D. Man. Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at—[*Reads.*—‘My dear angel!’—Ha! soft and impudent!—‘Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven this evening: pity my impatience, and

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believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your

OCTAVIA:*

Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentlewoman would of him, if he were to debauch her.—Hold—let's see; what does he say here—um—um!

[*Reads to himself.*]

Vil. What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil.—Would I had my letters again—though 'tis no great matter: or, as my friend Trappanti says, delaying Octavio's business is doing my own.

D. Man. [*Reading.*]—Um—um! sure she is safe out of the window. Oh, there the mine is to be sprung then.—The gentleman makes a warm siege on't in troth, and one would think was in a fair way of carrying the place, while he has such an admirable spy in the middle of the town.—Now, were I to act like a true Spaniard, I ought to rip up this jade for more intelligence; but I'll be wise; a bribe and a lie will do my business a great deal better.—Now, gentlewoman, what do ye think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me—make a friend of me—You see, sir, I dare be an enemy.

D. Man. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

Vil. What do you suppose would make me otherwise ?

D. Man. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

D. Man. And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other ?

Vil. That I can't say neither ; one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

D. Man. Say it be so, would that turn thee into my interest ?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, sir : judge yourself—here stands Octavio with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a hem ! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think ?

D. Man. There needs no more—I'm convinced and will trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do it—and will take care he shall write presently. *[Aside.*

D. Man. Now, as you expect I should believe you, begone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

Vil. I am dumb, sir—— *[Exit Vil.*

D. Man. So, this was done like a wise general : and now I have taken the counterscarp there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate.—Rosara !

[Unlocks the closet.

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me, sir?

D. Man. Ay, child. Come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery; Viletta did not cry out for nothing—What shall I do—dissemble? [*Aside.*]

D. Man. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening.

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman as well as myself, for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

D. Man. Oh, as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes, and go to him.

Ros. My clothes, sir!

D. Man. Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved, sir.

D. Man. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive Don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect him, sir?

D. Man. Expect him, sir!—he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens.—He's none of your hum-drums—all life and mettle! 'Odzooks, he has the courage of a cock! a duel's but

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a dance to him : he has been at sa ! sa !—sa, for you
already.

Ros. Well, sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage,
since I see you are resolved he shall be the man.—He
shall find me a woman, sir, let him win me and wear
me as soon as you please.

D. Man. Ah, now thou art my own girl ! hold but
in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss
the t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion.—
Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—She's in
a rare cue 'faith ! ah, if he does but nick her now.

[Exit Don Man.]

Ros. Now I have but one card to play—if that
don't hit, my hopes are crushed indeed : if this young
spark be not a downright coxcomb, I may have a
trick to turn all yet.—Dear fortune ! give him but
common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like
me—Here they come— *[Walks carelessly and sings.*

I'll rove and I'll range——

Enter Don MANUEL and HYPOLITA.

“ *Hyp.* I'll love and I'll change—*[Sings with her.*

“ *D. Man.* Ah, he has her, he has her !”

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands : I find
by your gaiety you are no stranger to my business.
Perhaps you expected I should have come in with a
grave bow and a long speech, but my affairs are in a
little more haste ; therefore, if you please, madam,
we'll cut the work short ; be thoroughly intimate at

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the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. Man. Ah!

Ros. Troth, sir, I think you are very much in the right: The sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Psha! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband; I sha'n't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

Ros. I only stay for my mind, sir: as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I'm ready to wait upon you,

Hyp. Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares.—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

D. Man. I'll do it, sir. Well, child, speak in thy conscience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well, sir, but methinks he is a little too young for a husband.

D. Man. Young! a fiddle! you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye. Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment: but if you please, in the mea time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her. [Exit D. Man.]

Hyp. I thank ye, sir. [*Hyp. stands some time mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and she smiles as in contempt of him.*] Why, now, methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man, you see.

Ros. So my father says, sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Ros. A bold man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ros. Because he has promised you, you shall marry me; and he has always promised me, I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Ros. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me—mercy on him!

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ros. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natured.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me, child?

Ros. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ros. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Ros. Why then, in short, I like another :—another man, sir, has got into my head, and has made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.—What d'ye think of me now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason, truly: but it won't do.—To be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reason to believe you shall be, if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh, if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the English city fashion, content to a degree. Now, here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, sir and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very complete regiment indeed! what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of them! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, madam, I believe in a month, I should be apt to poison ye.

Ros. So, it takes! [*Aside.*] And let me die, sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do it.

Ros. It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding dinner came up.

“*Hyp.* That's over-acted; but I'll startle her.
“ [*Aside.*] Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife.

“*Ros.* My life on't, his revenge is not half so
“ sweet; and if she's provoked, 'tis a thousand to
“ one but she licks her lips before she's nailed in her
“ coffin.

“*Hyp.* You are very gay, madam.

“*Ros.* I see nothing to fright me, sir, for I cannot
“ believe you'll marry me now—I have told you my
“ humour; if you like it you have a good stomach.

“*Hyp.* Why, truly, you may probably lie a little
“ heavy upon it, but I can better digest you than
“ poverty: as for your inclination, I'll keep your
“ body honest however; that shall be looked up;
“ and if you don't love me then—I'll stab you.

“ *Ros.* With what ? your words ? it must be those
 “ you say after the priest then—You’ll be able to do
 “ very little that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

“ *Hyp.* Well, well, madam, you need not give
 “ yourself half this trouble ; I am heartily convinced
 “ you will make the damned’st wife that ever poor
 “ dog of a husband wished at the devil : but really,
 “ madam, you are very unfortunate, for notwith-
 “ standing all the mighty pains you have taken, you
 “ have met with a positive coxcomb, that’s still just
 “ fool and stout enough to marry you.

“ *Ros.* ’Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

“ *Hyp.* Madam, you rally very well, ’tis confessed ;
 “ but now, if you please, we’ll be a little serious.

“ *Ros.* I think I am. —What does he mean. [*Aside.*”

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected
 as my own : I could no more bear the qualities you
 say you have, than I know you are guilty of them ;
 your pretty arts in striving to avoid, have charmed
 me. “ Had you been precisely coy, or over-modest,
 “ your virtue then might have been suspected : your
 “ shewing me what a man of sense should hate, con-
 “ vinces me you know too what he ought to love ;
 “ and she that’s once so well acquainted with the
 “ charms of virtue never can forsake it. I both ad-
 “ mire and love you now ; you have made what only
 “ was my interest my happiness.” At my first view
 I woo’d you only to secure a sordid fortune, which
 now I overjoyed could part with, nay, with my

life, with any thing, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

Ros. Now I am plunged indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I own you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now, from my sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy. You ought to scorn me should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be your's. If what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved and justice to the man I love.

"*Hyp.* Death! I have fooled away my hopes; she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost. [*Aside.*

"*Ros.* He seems a little thoughtful; if he has hope there may yet be hopes. [*Aside.*"

Hyp. "It must—it can be only so; that way I make her sure, and serve my brother too. [*Aside.*]" Well, madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Ros. Sir, you confound me with this goodness. A

proof! is it possible? will that content ye? Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you. Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace, I swear—

Hyp. Hold! swear never to make a husband but Octavio.

Ros. I swear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rise, madam, and now receive a secret which I need not charge you to be careful of, since as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, madam, I have been often told so; but, like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world who I have a great mind should know that I am—but woman.

Ros. A woman! are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His shadow, madam, no more; I just run before him—nay, and after him too.

“*Ros.* I am confounded—a woman!

“*Hyp.* As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever man run mad for.

“*Ros.* Nay, then you are an angel.

“*Hyp.* Perhaps you'll think me little a kin to one “at least.” Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. Hypolita! nay, then, from what you've said, and what I have heard Octavio say of you, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought.

Hyp. That's true, madam, it—it—it was a little round about indeed; I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip; but these men are such testy things, they can never stay one's time; always in haste, just as they please; now we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere—"Fiddlestick! when may be a woman has a new suit of knots on her head—so if we happen not to be in their humour, forsooth, then we coquette, and are proud and vain, and then they are to turn fools, and tell us so; then one pouts and t'other huffs;" and so you see there is such a plague that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

Ros. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly; I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too, for I expect Don Philip every moment, and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the banns.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him—Here comes your father—"he's secure." Come, put on a dumb, consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well, this getting the better of my wise papa won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. So, son, how does the battle go now? Have you cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father! let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an empire, sir; I would not change to be Grand Signior.

D. Man. Ah, rogue! he has done it, he has done it; he has her! ha! is't not so, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, sir! the town's my own. Look here! and here, sir! thus have I been plundering this half hour; and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ache again. *[Kisses her.]*

D. Man. Ah, give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy—You rampant rogue! could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer! *[Embracing Rosara.]*

D. Man. Ah, my cares are over!

Hyp. Oh, I told you, sir,—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

D. Man. Pr'ythee, be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir.

D. Man. Oh, I cannot live—I can't live it; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am as full as a bumper—it runs over at my eyes; I shall choke—Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Ros. Any thing that will make you more pleased, sir.

D. Man. Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

Ros. Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

D. Man. I am the miserablest dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning if I should ask you?

Ros. Sooner, sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Man. Oh, this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [To Hyp.

Ros. Come, sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Man. You lie, hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then.

[*Aside.*

D. Man. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—Well, what want you, gloomy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

D. Man. From Seville! Ha! pr'ythee, let him go thither again—tell him, I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

D. Man. Very likely.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, sir—News, news!

D. Man. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well, what dost thou say, lad?—
—But hold, sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir.

D. Man. Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, sir! for what?

D. Man. Joy! joy! you whelp; my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah, and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea full of good-luck.—Why don't you cry, dog?

Trap. Uh! Well, sir, I do—But now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

D. Man. Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, sir, only—Slylooks is come, that's all.

D. Man. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler! ha, ha!

Trap. He, sir, he.

D. Man. I'm glad of it, faith—now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself—Don't you be out of the way, son; I'll be with ye presently—Oh my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad! good-by'e. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as

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a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune!

Ros. At least, we shall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we shall: and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flo. Don Philip, where are you? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam. [*Whispers Hyp.*] Stand to your arms; the enemy's at the gate, faith: but I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party.

Ros. Who can this youth be she is so familiar with? he must certainly know her business here, and she is reduced to trust him. What odd things we women are! never to know our own minds. How very humble now has her pride made her!

Hyp. [*To Flo.*] I like your advice so well, that to tell you the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is it possible?

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your ladyship pleases. [*To Ros.*

Ros. Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

Hyp. This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

Flo. That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

Ros. Troth, I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life.

Flo. Egad, I don't know how it is, madam, but methinks these breeches give me such a mettled air, I can't help fancying but that I left my sex at home in my petticoats.

Hyp. Why, faith, for ought I know, hadst thou been born to breeches instead of a *fille de chambre*, fortune might have made thee a *beau garcon* at the head of a regiment——But hush! there's Don Philip and the old gentleman: we must not be seen yet. If you please to retire, madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with them.

Ros. With all my heart——Come, ladies——Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Don MANUEL and Don PHILIP.

Don Manuel.

WELL, sir; and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them.

D. Ph. "I thought, sir, you might reasonably take
"it ill I should have lain a week or two in town,
"without paying you my duty:" I was not robbed
of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, sir, I
have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill
manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

D. Man. Ah, how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*]—
Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you;
but I hope you'll excuse me if, in a matter of this
consequence, I seem a little cautious.

D. Ph. Sir, I sha'n't propose any immediate pro-
gress in my affair till you receive fresh advice from
my father; in the mean time, I shall think myself ob-
liged by the bare freedom of your house, and such
entertainment as you'd at least afford a common
stranger.

D. Man. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my
house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure
the main chance for my friend Octavio—But now
I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. [*Aside.*]
—Look ye, sir, while I see nothing to contradict
what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a
gentleman.

D. Ph. So my father told me, sir.

D. Man. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a
man's honesty is not always written in his face; and
(begging your pardon) if you should prove a damn'd
rogue now, d'ye see.

D. Ph. Sir, I can't in reason take any thing ill
that proceeds only from your caution.

D. Man. Civil rascal ! [*Aside.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither ; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir,) may be all a lie !

D. Ph. Another man, indeed, might say the same to you ; but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

D. Man. Sir, you speak like a man of honour, it is confessed ; but (begging your pardon again, sir,) so may a rascal too sometimes.

D. Ph. But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

D. Man. Why, then, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you ?

D. Ph. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, though there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at Seville ; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted ; he's known here ; if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

D. Man. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman ? What's his name, pray ?

D. Ph. Octavio Cruzado.

D. Man. Ha, my bully confessor ! this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence—
[*Aside.*—Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job ?

D. Ph. Job, sir !

So SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. *AE IV.*

D. Man. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship, or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

D. Ph. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye, your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

D. Man. Do so, friend; and in the mean time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him, that to your certain knowledge the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

D. Ph. Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

D. Man. Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail. You have an admirable head, it is confessed, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

D. Ph. Won't do, sir?

D. Man. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow that will speak you point blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend; dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me, sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

D. Ph. I remember thee; thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home too.

D. Ph. You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

D. Man. Oh, I never questioned it in the least, sir! Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

Trap. Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir, his name is Guzman: his father, sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville, was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn them up himself: but, sir, I hope there's no mistake in them that may defer the marriage.

D. Ph. Confusion!

D. Man. Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

D. Ph. Now, sir, that I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me of my portmanteau, and would you, sir, of your honour and your daughter——As for this rascal——

Trap. Sir, I demand protection.

[Runs behind Don Manuel.

H ij

D. Man. Hold, sir ; since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master, friend : you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit Trappanti.*]

D. Ph. I ask your pardon, sir ; I must confess the villany I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners ; but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now till I have proved myself your friend indeed, and Don Fernando's son,

D. Man. Nay, look ye, sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves ; not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres ?

D. Ph. Ha ! this is a young competitor indeed !

[*Aside.*]

Flo. Is this the gentleman, sir ?

D. Man. Yes, yes, that's he : ha, ha !

D. Ph. Yes, sir, I'm the man who but this morning lost that name upon the road ; I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such, sir ?

Flo. The fellow really does it very well, sir.

D. Man. Oh, to a miracle ! [*Aside.*

D. Pa. Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol ? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too that this gentleman was a magistrate ?

D. Man. Well said, my little champion.

D. Pa. Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition ; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long ; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee : in the meantime, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee ; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence, for I'm bound in honour as well as law to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil, egad.

Hyp. But may not I presume, my dear friend ! this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity ? Ha, ha ha !

D. Man. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee ?

Trap. Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha!

[*All laugh.*]

D. Ph. Sir, I ask your pardon; I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, sir, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave your cause, though I'll leave your house immediately: when you see me next, you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

D. Man. Ah, 'twill be the same thing if I know a rascal from Don Philip! But if you please, sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with this gentleman's leave, I'm resolved to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck; that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ph. Very well, sir, I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Look ye, sir, since your undertaking (though you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by; though I question if a man that stoops to do such base injuries dares defend them with his sword: however, now at least you're warned; but be assured, your next attempt——

D. Ph. Will startle you, my spark. I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are handcuffed. Though you won't take my word against him, sir,

perhaps another magistrate may my oath, which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately. If he can outface the law too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me,

[Exit D. Phil.]

D. Man. Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face however. Ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, sir, that's all he has for't, indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

[Aside to Trap.]

Trap. I warrant ye, sir.

[Exit Trap.]

D. Man. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero. Man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies, sir.

D. Man. Well said, my lad—Ah, my heart's going to dance again!—Pr'ythee let's in before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare the way, I'll march after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet like a conqueror.

D. Man. Sayest thou so, my little soldier? Why then, I'll send for the priest, and thou shalt be married in triumph.

[Exit D. Man.]

Hyp. Now, Flora.

Flo. Ay, now, madam, who says we are not politicians? I'd fain see any turn of state managed with

half this dexterity. But pray, what is Trappanti detached for?

Hyp. Only to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl, till we are safe in our trenches; for should Don Philip chance to rally upon us with an Alguazil and a warrant, before I am fast tied to the lady, we may be routed for all this.

Flo. Trappanti knows his business I hope.

Hyp. You'll see presently—But hush! here comes my brother: poor gentleman! he's upon thorns to; I have made Rosara write him a most provoking letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable genius to mischief. But what has poor Octavio done to you, that he must be plagued too?

Hyp. Well, dear Flora, don't chide; indeed this shall be the last day of my reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there, with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OCTAVIO with a letter, and VILETTA.

OA. Rosara false! distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a passion.

OA. Confess it too! so changed within an hour!

Vil. Ah, dear sir, if you had but seen how the young gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wondered how she held out so long.

OA. Death! 'tis impossible!

Vil. Common, sir, common. I have known a prouder lady as nimble as she.—What will you lay, that before the moon changes she is not false to your rival?

Os. Don't torture me, Viletta.

Vil. Come, sir, take heart; my life on't you'll be the happy man at last.

Os. Thou art mad. Does she not tell me here, in her letter, she has herself consented to marry another? nay, does not she insult me too with a—yet loves me better than the person she's to marry.

Vil. Insult! is that the best you can make on't? Ah, you men have such heads!

Os. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my mistress is grown wise at last; my advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your business is done.

Os. What was thy advice?

Vil. Why, to give the post of husband to your rival, and put you in for a deputy. You know the business of the place, sir, if you mind it: by the help of a few good stars and a little moonshine, there's many a fair perquisite may fall in your way.

Os. Thou ravest, Viletta; 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

Vil. Ah, sir, you can't think how love will humble a body.

Os. I'll believe nothing ill of her, till her own mouth confesses it: she can never own this letter: she can't but know I should stab her with re-

proaches; therefore, dear Viletta! ease me of my torments; go this moment, and tell her I'm upon the rack till I speak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the world; the old gentleman's with her; he'll knock my brains out.

Os. I'll protect thee with my life.

Vil. Sir, I would not venture to do it for—for—for—yes, I would for a pistole.

Os. Confound her—There, there 'tis: dear Viletta, be my friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now, sir, you deserve a friend. [*Exit Vil.*]

Os. Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour to try how far my love can bear—and yet methinks she cann't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away: and if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think: the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound them.

Re-enter VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

Os. Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she cann't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be married.

ACT IV. SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. 89

OA. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

Vil. Heyday! what's all this for?

OA. My brains are turned, Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but believe you had any at all: if you have three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

OA. Use of it! death! when the wedding's over?

Vil. Dear sir, but the bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

OA. Don't flatter me, Viletta.

Vil. Faith, sir, I'll be very plain: you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

OA. No, don't say so, Viletta.

Vil. Then, pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport; you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by and bye, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again.—Hist! here's company; good-bye to ye.

[Exit Vil.]

“OA. How now, what's the meaning of this?”

Enter Don PHILIP, his Sword drawn, and TRAPPANTI.

D. Ph. Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more; but, pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen looks of that instrument have quite frightened it away. Pray, put it up, sir.

D. Ph. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest. Discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

D. Ph. Here, friend, will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him?

OA. Don Philip!

D. Ph. O Octavio! this is fortunate indeed!—the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

OA. What's the matter?

D. Ph. You'll see presently.—But, pr'ythee, how stands your affair with your mistress?

OA. The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me; and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too it is with her own consent; and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her wedding's over.—Is not it very pretty?

Re-enter a Servant.

D. Ph. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently.

Old. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting.—Well, now, how stands your affair? have you seen your mistress yet?

D. Ph. No, I cann't get admittance to her.

Old. How so?

D. Ph. When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman——

Old. Here!

D. Ph. Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robbed me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a title: he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Old. Death and hell! [*Aside.*] What sort of fellow was this rascal?

D. Ph. A little pert coxcomb: by his impudence and dress I guess him to be some French page.

“*Old.* A white wig, red coat——

“*D. Ph.* Right; the very picture of the little “Englishman we knew at Paris.”

Old. Confusion! my friend at last my rival too——
Yet hold—my rival is my friend; he owns he has not seen her yet—— [*Aside.*

D. Ph. You seem concerned.

Old. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

D. Ph. What's the matter?

Os. Be generous, and tell me, have I ever yet
 "deserved your friendship?"

D. Ph. I hope my actions have confessed it."

Os. Forgive my fears, and since 'tis impossible
 you can feel the pain of loving her you are engaged
 to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her,
 let me conjure you, by all the ties of honour, friend-
 ship, and pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Ph. You amaze me!

Os. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately
 dote on.

D. Ph. Is it possible? Nay then, be easy in thy
 thoughts, Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly
 of my own: I'm not sorry thou art my rival here.
 In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the
 secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's.—I know
 not why, but "yet methinks the unaccountable re-
 "pulses I have met with here, look like an omen of
 "some new though far distant hope of her."—I
 can't help thinking that my fortune still resolves,
 spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Os. Quit but Rosara, I'll engage she shall be
 yours.

D. Ph. Not only that, but will assist you with my
 life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my
 father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest
 friend.

Os. Dear Philip, let me embrace you.—But how
 shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose
 you run immediately and swear the robbery against
 him?

D. Ph. I was just going about it, but accidentally meeting with this fellow, has luckily prevented me, who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me, but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so because I understand the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Oct. That's right; the least delay might have lost all: besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

D. Ph. Right.

Trap. Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite wrong.

Oct. Why so?

Trap. Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced, that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

D. Ph. Ha! There's reason in that—All your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Oct. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, sir.

D. Ph. By no means; rather wait a little in the

street : be within call, and leave the management to me.

Os. Be careful, dear Philip.

D. Ph. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Os. But hark ye, here lives an Alguazil at the next house ; suppose I should send him to you to secure the spark in the mean time ?

D. Ph. Do so : we must not lose a moment.

Os. I won't stir from the door.

D. Ph. You'll soon hear of me : away. [*Exit Os.*]

Trap. So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle—Basta ! here comes our party.

D. Ph. Stand aside till I call for you. [*Trap. retires.*]

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Well, sir, what service have you to command me now, pray ?

D. Ph. Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer with you : all I beg is but your patient hearing.

D. Man. Well, sir, you shall have it.—“ But
“ then I must beg one favour of you too, which is,
“ to make the business as short as you can ; for to
“ tell you the truth, I am not very willing to have
“ any farther trouble about it.

“ *D. Ph.* Sir, If I don't now convince you of your
“ error, believe and use me like a villain ; in the

"mean time, sir, I hope you'll think of a proper
"punishment for the merry gentleman that hath im-
"posed upon you.

"*D. Man.* With all my heart; I'll leave him to
"thy mercy."—Here he comes; bring him to trial
as soon as you please.

Enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flo. Sol Trappanti has succeeded; he's come with-
out the officers. [To Hyp.

Hyp. Hearing, sir, you were below, I did not care
to disturb the family, by putting the officers to
the trouble of a needless search: let me see your
warrant; I'm ready to obey it.

D. Man. Ay, where's your officer?

Flo. I thought to have seen him march in state,
with an Alguazil before him.

D. Ph. I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts,
your business would not stay for a warrant, though
'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think this
gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean time—O!
here, I have prevailed with an Alguazil to wait upon
ye.

Enter Alguazil.

Alg. Did you send for me, sir?

D. Ph. Ay, secure that gentleman.

D. Man. Hold, hold, sir; all things in order: this
gentleman is yet my guest; let me be first acquainted
with his crime, and then I shall better know how he

deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*]

Hyp. Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me! Ruined past redemption!

“*Flo.* Our affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent face.—Ha! the old Don seems surprised—I don’t like that—What shall we do?”

“*Hyp.* I am at my wit’s end. [*Aside.*]

“*Flo.* Then we must either confess or to gaol, that’s positive.

“*Hyp.* I’ll rather starve there than be discovered. Should he at last marry with Rosara, the very shame of this attempt would kill me.”

Flo. Death! what d’ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion: bear up, for shame.

Hyp. Impossible! I am dash’d, confounded: if thou hast any courage left, shew it quickly. Go, speak before my fears betray me. [*Aside.*]

D. Man. If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess ’twill surprise me indeed.

Flo. Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you’d produce them.

D. Ph. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one.—Hey! Trappanti!

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Now, sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks——then there's life again. [*Aside.*] Is this your witness, sir?

D. Ph. Yes, sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Ha, ha! you are very merry, sir.

D. Man. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain—But come, friend, what say you to the business? have ye any proof to offer upon oath that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

D. Ph. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay, sir; but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

D. Man. Let it be the truth and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe, sir?

D. Man. I'll give you my word of honour: speak boldly to the question.

Trap. Well, sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour would be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

D. Man. How, friend!

D. Ph. Secure me, rascal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected I shall never be able to speak.

D. Man. I warrant thee—What is it you say, friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five pistoles in my palm, (here they

are) shuts my fist close upon 'em, my dear friend, says he, you must do me a piece of service; upon which, sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

D. Ph. What means the rascal?

D. Man. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

D. Ph. Confusion!

Flo. Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last, by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

Hyp. Oh, ho!

Trap. Upon this, sir, I began to demur: sir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it; I must beg your pardon; gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. Man. Very well!

D. Ph. Villain!

Flo. and Hyp. Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts; now, dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two hours stink upon the dunghill you came from.

D. Ph. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

D. Man. Nay, nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on, friend.

Trap. Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage, so prudently pretended, out of fear, to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury; but now, sir, being under protection, and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

D. Man. Ay this is evidence indeed!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ph. Dog! villain! did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up not three hours ago at the same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words; he threatened to stab me if I would not swear against my master—I told him at first, sir, I was not fit for his business; I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there, sir!

D. Ph. Damnation!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Man. Really, my friend, thou art almost turned

fool in this business: if thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to it indeed; any shift was better than none it seems: you knew 'twould not be long to the wedding. You may go, friend.

[*Exit Alguazil.*]

Flo. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Sir, by my eternal hopes of peace and happiness, you're imposed on. "If you proceed thus rashly, your daughter is inevitably ruined. If what I have said be not true in fact, as hell or he is false, may Heaven brand me with the severest marks of perjury." Defer the marriage but an hour.

D. Man. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Ph. Perdition seize me if I have any hope or thought but that of serving you.

D. Man. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

D. Man. Is he so? then, sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go.—Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble altogether.

[*Exit Don Manuel.*]

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Ph. Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[*Walks about.*]

Flo. [*Aside.*] Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece.

Trap. [*Aside.*] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste.

[*Exeunt Flo. and Trap.*]

Hyp. Sir.

D. Ph. Ha! alone! If I were not prevented now — Well, sir.

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have designed me are to be put up without satisfaction, therefore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the Prado, with your sword in your hand; in the mean time, sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant than yours.

[*Going.*]

D. Ph. Hold, sir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

Hyp. Sir!

D. Ph. You are not so near the lady, sir, perhaps as you imagine.

[*D. Phil. locks the door.*]

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

D. Ph. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Ph. Come, sir—draw.

Hyp. My ruin has now caught me: “my plots are yet unripe for execution; I must not, dare not, let him know me till I am sure at least he cannot be another's”——This was the very spite of fortune

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[*Aside.*]

D. Ph. Come, sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place.

D. Ph. O! we'll make shift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

D. Ph. No, now, sir, if you please—Draw, villain! or expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his mistress—You know it is not fear that—

D. Ph. No evasions, sir; either this moment confess your villany, your name and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—within there!

D. Ph. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his sword to her breast.*

Hyp. Sir!

[*Trembling.*

D. Ph. Villain! be quick, confess, or—

Hyp. Hold, sir—I own I dare not fight with you.

D. Ph. No, I see thou art too poor a villain—therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

“*Hyp.* Give me but a moment's respite, sir.

“*D. Ph.* Dog, do you trifle?”

Hyp. Nay, then, sir—Mercy, mercy!

[*Throws herself at his feet.*

And since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

D. Ph. Thy love! what art thou, spark?

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me,

sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successful passion.

“ *D. Ph.* Art thou indeed a lover then?—tell me thy condition.

“ *Hyp.* Sir, I confess my fortune's much inferior to my pretences in this lady, though indeed I'm born a gentleman; and, bating this attempt against you, which, even the last extremities of a ruined love have forced me to, ne'er yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could debase my birth: but if you knew the torments I have borne from her disdainful pride, the anxious days, the long-watched winter nights I have endured, to gain of her per-haps at last a cold relentless look, indeed you'd pity me: my heart was so entirely subdued the more she slighted me the more I loved, and as my pains increased, grew farther from cure. Her beauty struck me with that submissive awe, that when I dared to speak, my words and looks were softer than an infant's blushes; but all these pangs of my persisting passion still were vain; nor showers of tears, nor storms of sighs, could melt or move the frozen hardness of her dead compassion!

“ *D. Ph.* How very near my condition! [*Aside.*

“ *Hyp.* But yet so subtle is the flame of love, spite of her cruelty, I nourished still a secret living hope, till hearing, sir, at last she was designed your bride, despair compelled me to this bold attempt of per-sonating you. Her father knew not me or my unhappy love; I knew too you ne'er had seen her

“face, and therefore hoped, when I should offer to
 “repair with twice the worth the value, sir, I robbed
 “you of, begging thus low for your forgiveness; I
 “say, I hoped at least your generous heart, if ever it
 “was touched like mine, would pity my distress, and
 “pardon the necessitated wrong.

“*D. Ph.* Is't possible? hast thou then loved to
 “this unfortunate degree?

“*Hyp.* Unfortunate indeed if you are still my ri-
 “val, sir; but were you not, I'm sure you'd pity
 “me.”

D. Ph. Nay, then, I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*] for I have known too well the misery not to pity
 —any thing in love.

“*Hyp.* Have you, sir, been unhappy there?

“*D. Ph.* Oh! thou hast probed a wound that
 “time or art can never heal.

“*Hyp.* O joyful sound!—[*Aside.*] Cherish that ge-
 “nerous thought, and hope from my success your
 “mistress or your fate may make you blest like me.”

D. Ph. Yet, hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too
 far; for though I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound
 in honour to assist thy love no farther than the justice
 of thy cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you, sir?

D. Ph. You must defer your marriage with this
 lady.

“*Hyp.* Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!

“*D. Ph.* I have a nearest friend that is beloved
 “and loves her with an equal flame to yours; to him

“ my friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in
“ pity of thy fortune thus far I'll be a friend to thee;
“ give up thy title to the lady's breath, and if her
“ choice pronounces thee the man, I here assure thee
“ on my honour to resign my claim, and not more
“ partial to my friend than thee, promote thy happi-
“ ness.

“ *Hyp.* Alas, sir! this is no relief, but certain ruin.
“ I am too well assured she loves your friend.

“ *D. Ph.* Then you confess his claim the fairer:
“ her loving him is a proof that he deserves her; if
“ so, you are bound in honour to resign her.

“ *Hyp.* Alas, sir! women have fantatic tastes, that
“ love they know not what, and hate they know not
“ why; else, sir, why are you unfortunate?

“ *D. Ph.* I am unfortunate, but would rather die
“ so than owe my happiness to any help but an en-
“ during love.

“ *Hyp.* But, sir, I have endured, you see, in vain—

“ *D. Ph.* If thou'dst not have me think thy story
“ false, thy soft pretence of love a cheat to melt me
“ into pity, and invade my justice, yield; submit thy
“ passion to its merit, and own I have proposed thee
“ like a friend.”

Hyp. Sir, on my knees——

D. Ph. Expect no more from me; either comply
this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, sir——

D. Ph. Nay, then discover quick, tell me thy name
and family.

Hyp. Hold, sir.

D. Ph. Speak, or thou diest. [*A noise at the door.*

Hyp. Sir, I will—Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage! Come on, sir!

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, and Trappanti, with Servants, rush in, and part them.*

D. Man. Knock him down.

"*Flo.* Part them.

"*Hyp.* Away, rascal! [*To Trap. who holds her.*

"*Trap.* Hold, sir, dear sir! hold; you have given him enough.

"*Hyp.* Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

"*D. Man.* Nay, dear son! hold, we'll find a better way to punish him.

"*Hyp.* Pray, sir, give me way—a villain, to assault me in the very moment of my happiness!

[*Struggling.*

"*D. Ph.* By Heaven, sir, he this moment has confessed his villany, and begged my pardon upon his knees.

"*Hyp.* D'ye hear him, sir; I beg you let me go; this is beyond bearing.

"*D. Ph.* Thou liest, villain! 'tis thy fear that holds thee."

Hyp. Ah! let me go, I say.

"*Trap.* Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him."

D. Man. Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean time secure him in the cellar.

D. Ph. Hear me but one word, sir.

D. Man. Stop his mouth——Out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*]

——Come, dear son! be pacified.

Hyp. A villain!

[*Walking in a heat.*]

Flo. Why should he be concerned, now he's secure? such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

“*D. Man.* Ay, son, leave him to me and the law.”

Hyp. I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me——But——

Enter ROSARA.

D. Man. Look; here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

Hyp. Then I'm composed again— [*Runs to Rosara.*]

Ros. I heard fighting here; I hope you are not wounded, sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

D. Man. Ay! well said, my little champion!

Hyp. Oh, madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you.

Ros. Truly I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

Hyp. Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear them again——

D. Man. Come, come, children, the priest stays for us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trappanti.

WHAT in the name of roguery can this new master of mine be? he's either a fool or bewitched, that's positive.—First he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady, and as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand to help him to get rid of her—Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service; to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him. What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my wit—There's but one way in the world I can solve it—He must certainly have some reason to hang himself that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes, with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro; he has business with you.

Trap. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Trap.*]

Ros. Who's Don Pedro, pray.

Hyp. Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

Ros. Well, if Don Philip does not think you deserve him, I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haste.—But this last escape of yours was such a masterpiece!

Hyp. Nay, I confess, between fear and shame, I would have given my life for a ducat.

Ros. Though I wonder, when you perceived him
“so sensibly touched with his old passion, how you
“had patience to conceal yourself any longer.

Hyp. Indeed I could not easily have resisted it,
“but that I knew, if I had been discovered before my
“marriage with you, your father, to be sure, would
“have insisted then upon his contract with him,
“which I did not know how far Don Philip might
“be carried in point of honour to keep; I knew too
“his refusing it would but the more incense the old
“gentleman against my brother's happiness with you;
“and I found myself obliged, in gratitude, not to
“build my own upon the ruin of yours.

Ros. This is an obligation I never could deserve.

Hyp. Your assistance, madam, in my affair has
“overpaid it.”

Ros. What's become of Don Philip? I hope you have not kept him prisoner all this while?

Hyp. Oh, he'll be released presently; Flora has her orders.—Where's your father, madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe

he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune—he seemed in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunned when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart : methinks I am possessed with the very spirit of disobedience—Now could I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman, “for “daring to be better than his word to Octavio.”

Hyp. And if we don't plague him—But here he comes.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Ah, my little conqueror ! let me embrace thee !—That ever I should live to see this day !—this most triumphant day ! this day of all days in my life !

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too, sir. [*Embracing him.*

D. Man. Ay, my cares are over—now I have nothing to do but to think of the other world, for I've done all my business in this ; got as many children as I could, and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, sir, you'll soon see whether your daughter has married a man or no.

D. Man. Ah, well said ! and that you may never be out of humour with your business, look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will

make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of them; the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. Man. Much good may do thy heart and soul with them—and Heaven bless you together!—I have had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children, but thank my stars 'tis over—'tis over now—now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [To *Hyp.*

D. Man. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die, when we have done our best, sooner or later; old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common whores, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I have married my child, I have lost my companion—I have parted with my girl—her heart's gone another way now—She'll forget her old father—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now. [Weeps.

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is

to another! Now he is tired with joy till he is downright melancholy.

Ros. What's the matter, sir?

D. Man. Ay, my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. Oh, sir! we shall be better friends than ever

D. Man. Uh, uh! shall we? wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, Heaven bless thee! give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting: be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts! they are the worst company in the world at a wedding—Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day: at least: stir your servants; call in your neighbours let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

D. Man. Ha! shall we! shall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry, sir! ay, as beggars at a feast. Why shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be as mad. I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

D. Man. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour—thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah, my head flows again—I can't bear it.

Enter several Servants.

Serv. Did you call, sir?

D. Man. Call, sir! ay, sir. What's the reason you are not all out of your wits, sir! don't you know that your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

1st. Serv. Yes, sir; and we are all ready to be mad as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders.

Hyp. You see, sir, they only want a little encouragement.

D. Man. Ah, there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after—Here, sirrah, cook! look into the Roman history, see what Mark Antony had for supper when Cleopatra first treated him *cher entree*: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking—Go.

2d. Serv. It shall be done, sir.

D. Man. And, d'ye hear? one of you step to Monsieur Vendevin, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for it.

1st. Serv. How much will you please to have, sir?

D. Man. Too much, sir; I'll have every thing on the outside of enough to day. Go you, sirrah, run to the theatre; and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and singers, and dancers; and you, sir, to my nephew, Don Louis, give my service, and bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is as it should be; now it begins to look like a wedding.

D. Man. Ah, we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes Flora—Now, madam, observe your cue.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Your servant gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—You have it I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Psha! Pr'ythee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flo. My business won't be deferred, sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flo. I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your ear, sir.

[They whisper.]

D. Man. What's the matter now, trow?

Ros. The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

D. Man. Troth, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't disturb them, sir—We shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip?

Flo. I drew the servants out of the way while he made his escape; I saw him very busy in the street with Octavio and another gentleman; Trappanti dogged them, and brings me word they just now went into the Corrigidore's in the next street—therefore what we do, we must do quickly. Come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently.

[Aside.]

Hyp. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flo. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

D. Man. Hey!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

Flo. Not, sir!

Hyp. No, sir!—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—'gad I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

Hyp. Oh, sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D. Man. interposes.*

Ros. Ah, help! murder! [*Runs out.*

D. Man. Within there! help! murder!—Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? pray, put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

D. Man. Friends and quarrel? for shame!

Flo. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Hyp. Let me go.

D. Man. Better words, sir. [*To Flo.*

Flo. Why, sir, do ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

D. Man. What do ye mean, sir?

Flo. That he has cheated me as well as you—but I'll have my revenge immediately. [*Exit Flo.*

[*Hyp. walks about, and D. Man. stares.*

D. Man. Hey! what's all this?—what is it—my heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here you! [*To a servant.*] bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Serv.*]

D. Man. A coach!

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Sir, sir! bless me! what's the matter, sir? are you not well?

D. Man. Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir.

D. Man. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octavio.

D. Man. To me?

Vil. No, sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

D. Man. How! let's see it—There's what I promised thee—begone. What can this be now! [*Reads.*]
'The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin. OCTAVIO.'
Oh, my heart! this letter was not designed to fall

ACT V. SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. 117

into my hands—I am affrighted—I dare not think on't.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal, to be out of the way when my life's at stake—Pr'ythee, do thou go and see if thou canst get me any post-horses.

D. Man. Post horses!

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Oh, dear sir, what was the matter?

D. Man. Hey!—

Ros. What made them quarrel, sir?

D. Man. Child!—

Ros. What was it about, sir?—You look concerned.

D. Man. Concerned!

Ros. I hope you are not hurt, sir. [*To Hyp. who minds her not.*—What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me.

[*To D. Man.*

D. Man. A—speak!—a—go to him again—try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear sir! what's the matter? [*To Hyp.*

D. Man. Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

D. Man. But what occasion have you for post-horses, sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, sir.

D. Man. Pray, what is it ?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, sir.

D. Man. Another time, sir !—pray, satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, sir ! when you see a man out of humour.

D. Man. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you ; and I must tell ye I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolved to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir, what is it you'd have ? [*Peevishly.*]

D. Man. Look ye, sir—in short—I—I have received a letter.

Hyp. Well, sir.

D. Man. I wish it may be well, sir.

Hyp. Bless me, sir ! what's the matter with you ?

D. Man. Matter, sir !—in troth, I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye—but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir. [*Gives the letter.*]

Enter Don Louis.

D. Lou. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

D. Man. I am glad to see you, nephew.

D. Lou. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty : but here I met with the most surprising news.

D. Man. Pray, what is it ?

D. Lou. Why, first your servant told me my young cousin was to be married to-day, to Don Philip de las Torres ; and just as I was entering your doors who should I meet but Don Philip, with the Corrigi-

dore and several witnesses, to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is in short a rank impostor!

Hyp. So, now it's come home to him.

D. Man. Dear nephew! don't torture me. Are ye sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

D. Lou. Know him, sir! were we not school-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

D. Man. But are you sure you may not have forgot him, neither?

D. Lou. You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, sir.

D. Man. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever—is that he?

D. Lou. That, sir! no, nor in the least like him—But, pray, why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

D. Man. Oh, oh, oh, oh! my poor child!

Ros. Oh!
[Seems to faint.]

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. What's the matter, sir?

D. Man. Ah! look to my child.

D. Lou. Is this the villain, then, that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband, and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

D. Man. Oh!

D. Lou. Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Oh gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married the impostor!

D. Ph. How!

OA. Confusion!

D. Man. Oh, oh!

D. Ph. That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

OA. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Man. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately—First, sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

D. Lou. That, sir, I presume, my oath will prove.

OA. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too, sir.

D. Man. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flo. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him; he confessed to me at Toledo he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance, which he refusing

to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or have not the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst; I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. Man. Ingenuity, abandoned villain!—But, sir, before you send him to gaol I desire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That cann't be, sir—since he has married the lady her fortune's lawfully his. All we can do is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

D. Man. Oh that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the jewels, sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning you may chance to go to gaol before me.

D. Man. Oh that I were buried! will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near, it, sir; you cann't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come, sir, if you please, I must desire to take your affidavit in writing. [*Goes to the table with Flora.*]

D. Ph. Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought ye to. “How shall I be stared at when
“I give an account of this to my father, or your
“friends in Seville; you'll be the public jest; your
“understanding or your folly will be the mirth of
“every table.”

D. Man. Pray forbear, sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, madam. [*Aside to Ros.*]

Ros. Oh, sir ! how wretched have you made me !
Is this the care you have taken of me for my blind
obedience to your commands ? this my reward for
filial duty ?

D. Man. Ah, my poor child !

Ros. But I deserve it all for ever listening to your
barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have
told me my vows and person, in justice and honour,
were the wronged Octavio's.

D. Man. Oh, oh !

Os. Can she repent her falsehood then at last !
Is't possible ? then I'm wounded too ! Oh, my poor
undone Rosara ! [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful ! cruel !
perjured man ! " how canst thou bear to see the light
" after this heap of ruin thou hast raised, by tearing
" thus asunder the most solemn vows of plighted
" love ? "

D. Man. Oh, don't insult me ; I deserve the worst
you can say—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent
me.

" *Os.* Repent ! canst thou believe whole years of
" sorrow will atone thy crime ? no ; groan on, sigh
" and weep away thy life to come, and when the stings
" and horrors of thy conscience have laid thy tortured
" body in the grave—then, then—as thou dost me,
" when it is too late, I'll pity thee."

Vil. So ! here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage,
the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the com-

pany distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged—the merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life. [To Hyp.

Cor. Well, sir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

Off. What can this mean?

D. Ph. Psha! some new contrivance—Let's begone.

D. Lou. Stay a moment; it can be no harm to hear him—Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without—— [Exeunt Officers.

Vil. What's to be done now, trow?

Trap. Some smart thing I warrant ye: the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith!

I'lo. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends, and in my opinion 'tis high time he should propose it.

D. Man. Ay, 'tis time he were hanged, indeed, for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your sordid avarice and breach of promise here have justly

brought upon you.—“ Had you, as you were obliged, “ in conscience and in nature, first given your daughter with your heart, she had now been honourably “ happy, and, if any, I the only miserable person “ here.

“ *D. Lou.* He talks reason.

“ *D. Ph.* I don't think him in the wrong there, “ indeed.”

Hyp. Therefore, sir, if you are injured you may thank yourself for it.

D. Man. Nay, dear sir—I do confess my blindness, and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropped out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well, sir, (however little you have deserved it) yet, for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself by signing this paper to keep your first promise, and give her with her full fortune to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

“ *Os.* Ha! what says he?

“ *D. Lou.* This is strange!”

D. Man. Sir, I don't know how to answer you, for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make room for him.

Hyp. Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning but an immediate power to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune; these jewels which I received from you I give him

free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

"*Oct.* I am all amazement!

"*D. Lou.* What can this end in?

"*D. Ph.* I am surprised, indeed!"

D. Man. This is unaccountable, I must confess——
But still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged to contract, to part with his——

D. Ph. That, sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. "Then my fears are over." [*Aside.*] Now, sir, it only stops at you,

D. Man. Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you?

D. Ph. And, sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore, take heed, expect no second mercy; for, be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am proved one spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

D. Ph. That you may depend on.

D. Man. There, sir. [*Gives Hyp. the writing signed Ros.* Now I tremble for her. [*Aside.*

D. Ph. Oh, never I never shall thy empire
“cease! ’Tis not in thy power to give thy power
“away: this last surprise of generous love has
“bound me to thy heart, a poor indebted wretch for
“ever.

Hyp. No more; the rest the priest should say—
“But now our joys grow rude—Here are our friends
“that must be happy too.

D. Ph. Louis! Octavio! my brother now! oh,
“forgive the hurry of a transported heart.”

D. Man. A woman! and Octavio’s sister!

Oct. That heart that does not feel, as ’twere its
“own, a joy like this ne’er yet confessed the power
“of friendship nor of love.” [*Embracing him.*]

D. Man. Have I then been pleased, and plagued,
and frighted out of my wits by a woman all this
while? Odsbud! she is a notable contriver! Stand
clear, ho! for if I have not a fair brush at her lips,
nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too,
odswinds and thunder! she is not the good humoured
girl I took her for.

Hyp. Come, sir, I won’t baulk your good humour.
[*He kisses her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of
you: you remember your promise; only your bles-
sing here, sir. [*Octavio and Rosara kneel.*]

D. Man. Ah, I can deny thee nothing; and since
I find thou art not fit for my girl’s business thyself,
Odzooks! it shall never be done out of the family—
and so, children, Heaven bless you together!—Come,
I’ll give you her hand myself, you know the way to

her heart ; and as soon as the priest has said grace, he shall toss you the rest of her body into the bargain.—And now my cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your love, sir.—Oh, Rosara !

Ros. Now, Octavio, do you believe I loved you better than the person I was to marry ?

Oct. Kind creature ! you were in her secret then ?

Ros. I was, and she in mine.

Oct. Sister ! what words can thank you ?

Hyp. Any that tell me of Octavio's happiness.

D. Ph. My friend successful too ! then my joys are double.—But how this generous attempt was started first ; how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here is one that at more leisure shall inform you all : she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. Ph. How ! she !

Flo. Trusty Flora, sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account ; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

D. Man. Another metamorphosis ! Brave girls, faith ! 'Odzooks ! we shall have them make campaigns shortly !

D. Ph. “ Take this as earnest of my thanks ; ” in Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice too, confe-

derate I can't say, for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam—But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money——

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him. *[Shows money.]*

D. Man. Ay, ay, well said, lad.

Fil. La! a tempting bate indeed! Let him offer to marry me again if he dares. *[Aside.]*

D. Ph. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable however, and I'll think of thee.

Old. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah, there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Old. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, sir, I find by my constitution that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I ha'n't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish, yet methinks it's better than no dinner at all: and, for my part, I had rather have no stomach to my meat than no meat to my stomach: upon which consideration, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here—to let me dine at her ordinary.

D. Man. A pleasant rogue, faith! 'Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something—I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand—and now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

D. Man. 'Odzooks! and well thought of; I'll send for one presently. Hear you, sirrah, run to Father Benedict again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is dropped to pieces, but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

“ Enter Servant.

“ Serv. Sir, the music's come.

“ D. Man. Ah, they could never take us in a better time—let them enter—Ladies, and sons and daughters, for I think you are all akin to me now, will you be pleased to sit? [*After the Entertainment.*

“ D. Man. Come, gentlemen, now our collation
“ waits.

"Enter Servant.

"Serv. Sir, the priest's come.

"D. Man. That's well; we'll dispatch him presently."

D. Ph. Now, my Hypolita,

*Let our example teach mankind to love,
From thine the fair their favours may improve;
To the quick pains you give our joys we owe,
Till those we feel these we can never know.
But warn'd with honest hope from my success,
Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
Oh, never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are Loves peculiar care.*

[Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

*'MONGST all the rules the Ancients had in vogue,
We find no mention of an Epilogue,
Which plainly shows they're innovations, brought
Since rules, design, and nature, were forgot;
The custom therefore our next Play shall break,
But now a joyful motive bids us speak;
For while our arms return with conquest home,
While children prattle *Vigo* and the boom,
Is't fit the mouth of all mankind, the Stage, be dumb?
While the proud Spaniards read old annals o'er,
And on the leaves in lazy safety pore,
Essex and Raleigh thunder on their shore;
Again their Donships start and mend their speed,
With the same fear of their forefathers dead.
While *Amadis de Gaul* laments in vain,
And wishes his young *Quixote* out of Spain:
While foreign forts are but beheld and seiz'd,
While English hearts tumultuously are pleas'd,
Shall we, whose sole subsistence purely flows
From minds in joy or undisturb'd repose,
Shall we behold each face with pleasure glow,
Unthankful to the arms that made them so?
Shall we not say——
Old English honour now revives again
Mem'rably fatal to the pride of Spain,*

But hold——

*While Anne repeats the vengeance of Eliza's reign!
For to the glorious conduct sure that drew
A Senate's grateful vote our adoration's due;
From that alone all other thanks are poor,
Tho' old triumphing Romans ask'd no more,
And Rome indeed gave all within its power.
But your superior stars, that know too well
You English heroes should old Rome's excel,
To crown your arms beyond the bribes of spoil
Rais'd English beauty to reward your toil:
Tho' seiz'd of all the rifled world had lost
So fair a circle [To the Boxes] Rome could never
boast.*

*Proceed, auspicious Chiefs! inflame the war,
Pursue your conquest, and possess the fair,
That ages may record of them and you
They only could inspire what you alone could do.*

THE END.



